



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

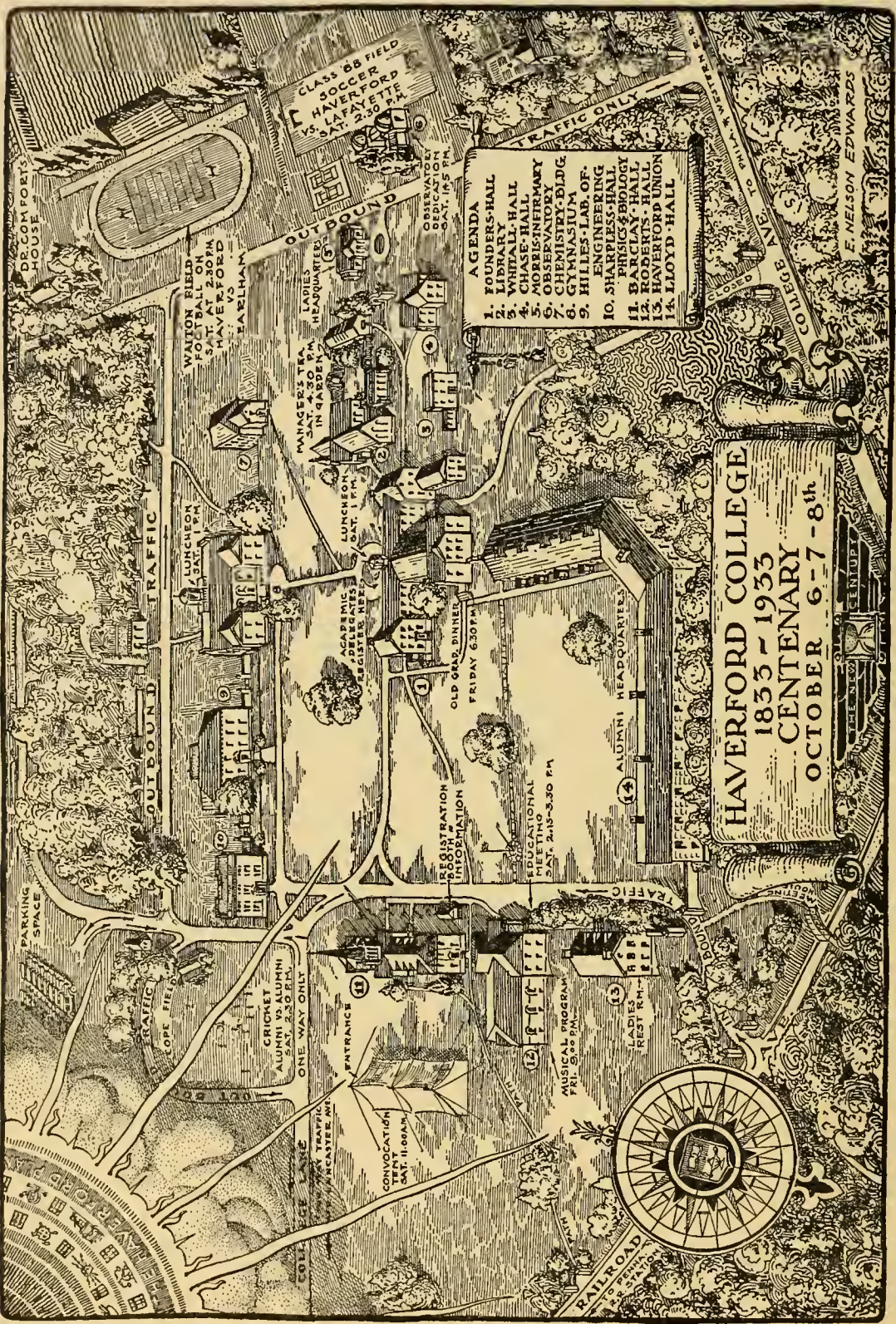
Centenary

October 6th, 7th, 8th

MCMXXXIII



FOUNDERS HALL



HAVERFORD COLLEGE
1833-1933
CENTENARY
OCTOBER 6-7-8th

- A GENDA
- 1. FOUNDERS-HALL
 - 2. LIBRARY
 - 3. WHITALL-HALL
 - 4. CHASE-HALL
 - 5. MORES-INFERMARTY
 - 6. CHEMISTRY-BLDG.
 - 7. GYMNASIUM
 - 8. HILLES-LAB. OF. ENGINEERING
 - 9. SHARPLESS-HALL
 - 10. PHYSICS & BIOLOGY
 - 11. BARCLAY-HALL
 - 12. ROBERTS-HALL
 - 13. HAVERFORD UNION
 - 14. LLOYD-HALL

CLASS 88 FIELD
SOCCER
HAVERFORD
VS. LAFAYETTE
SAT. 2:30 P.M.

WATSON FIELD
FOOTBALL ON
SAT. AT 2:30 P.M.
HAVERFORD
VS.
HARVARD

MANAGER'S TEA
HEADQUARTERS
SAT. 4:30 P.M.
(IN GARDEN)

LUNCHEON
SAT. 1 P.M.

ACADEMIC
ADLEGATES
MEETING
SAT. 1 P.M.

OLD GRASS DINNER
FRIDAY 6:30 P.M.

EDUCATIONAL
MEETING
SAT. 2:15-3:30 P.M.

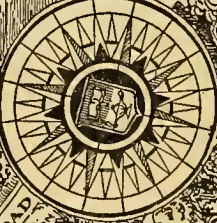
ALUMNI HEADQUARTERS

CRICKET
ALUMNI VS. ALUMNI
SAT. 2:30 P.M.

CONVOCATION
TENT
SAT. 11:00 A.M.

MUSICAL PROGRAM
FALL SEMESTER


LADIES
REST RM.



F. NELSON EDWARDS

ON three Divinely fair October days, Haverford College celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its founding in 1833.

The excellence of the Convocation addresses, the significance of the Haverford Plan of Education, and the enthusiasm of the Alumni, have led the Board of Managers to perpetuate in this form the proceedings of the Centenary Celebration, hoping it may prove a delightful reminder to those privileged to be present, and an inspiration to all others.



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THE CONVOCATION CEREMONY

Saturday, October 7, 1933

THE TENT

*The audience stands as the Academic Procession enters the Tent,
at eleven-fifteen o'clock*

Mr. Morris E. Leeds: Friends, will you please be seated?

It is my rare privilege to welcome this great and distinguished gathering of Haverford sons and friends to this, our One Hundredth birthday party, and to thank you for coming.

We will open these Centenary exercises with prayer by Professor Rufus M. Jones.

Dr. Rufus M. Jones: Let us have a few moments of perfect quiet devotion.

Eternal God, Our Father, we feel profoundly this morning the significance of this hour, and our hearts are raised in thanksgiving for the kindly light of Thy inspiration and leadership and guidance through these years; and for the great teachers and wise leaders, who have formed the atmosphere which we breathe in this Institution; for the college spirit,

and for the loyalties of life which hold like adamant. And as we turn from the well-known past to the untracked path of the future of our life, we raise our hearts again to Thee and ask that Thy light and Thy truth and Thy wisdom may still guide this college, and that it may be, in the future as in the past, not only the training place for the mind but the nursery of souls and the builder of men.

We ask it in Christ's name, Amen.

Mr. Leeds: This pause, friends, is because the program is to be broadcast on the air and the hour has not quite arrived.

We now invite your attention to an address by our President, whose leadership has inspired this Centenary program and whom we delight to honor—William Wistar Comfort. (*Applause.*)

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT, *President, Haverford College:*

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is a hundred years ago this month since Founders Hall received a little band of twenty Quaker boys who were to benefit by the first provision of higher education endowed by the Society of Friends in America. We are fortunate in possessing an account of that opening day, when the name of Haverford-West in old Wales first became a token of education in the new world. Conscious of taking a new step, parents and

friends had gathered to invoke a blessing upon the school and its first scholars. The scene has been annually repeated since. But never with more emotion than on that first afternoon, when after an inspection of the premises and the last injunctions, the visitors returned to the neighboring city, and the boys were left, as one of them recalled, "to their own reflections." (*Laughter.*)

What were these reflections? What have they been with the recurring years, as

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the sons and grandsons of these boys have come here each fall to reflect? That is the question. For before we shine in our own glory, we must all reflect during the formative years our early environment. There must be natural beauty, there must be nobility of character, intellectual stimulus, freedom of the spirit, in order to cause a bright reflection. These things must be provided to strike upon the sensitive plate of the youthful mind before we can expect from it any reflection. These very things were provided, have been provided for a hundred years, and are still provided. Therein lies the history of Haverford,—in the lights and shades which have been cast by their alma mater upon some thousands of young Americans who have lived to reflect her lessons, and finally, inspired by her, to shine in their own light and glory.

As one stands here today astride the past and future, it is easy to look back and give thanks for the men who have nursed this college through its tender years until they have brought it to its present state of health and strength. We recall with gratitude not only the men and women who have invested their fortunes in the education of youth, but also those men whose wise counsels have guided the development of our standards and ideals. As for the members of the Faculty, it has been with them that the students have come into daily contact. It is they whose lives have been reflected in their students. Happily, there have always been teachers here whose message was loud and clear, whose personalities were radiant. Those of you who are of the Haverford family know the names which are uppermost in your memory and mine today. I need not mention them. We are here today

in great part because of our memory of these men. We are paying them here and now our tribute. Though we have never exhausted the possibilities of intimacy on this campus, it is comparatively easy here for older and younger scholars to learn from each other by daily contact. Not only in the lecture rooms but also on the playing fields have Haverfordians learned that their teachers care for them, and that a mutual interest in each other's welfare is born of a mutual affection. Education is a personal matter. If it is a preparation for life and not the mere accumulation of facts for private gain, it must be based upon human contacts. Education here at least is unthinkable without the presence of men who offer living examples of what we would have our sons to be. The president of one of our great universities recently declared: "Universities have developed the idea in parents or parents have developed it in universities that the institution is in some way responsible for the moral, social, physical and intellectual welfare of the student. . . . Whatever may be the responsibility of a college, a university is not a custodial establishment or a church or a body-building institute." It is well to have the distinction drawn. Haverford takes its place among the colleges which assume precisely these responsibilities. It does so because it is small enough to feel human contacts and to value them. The ancient Chinese sage, Lao Tsu, speaks of the most perfect relation in the East as being that between Master and Disciple, Teacher and Pupil: "If the one does not value his teacher, if the other does not love his material, then despite their sagacity, they must go far astray." And he adds these significant words, "This is a mystery of

great import." Here at Haverford we have an opportunity to savor the full joy of this mystery. We can endorse its truth from our own experience, and that is what makes teaching here an enduring responsibility and a growing satisfaction.

It is difficult and unnecessary to foretell the future. Some have thought in these recent days of stress and strain that the content of our education in America has been at fault and that it must be drastically revamped. We hear of speakers who demand a new education for a changing world — as if the world had never changed before. (*Laughter.*) I see no reason for any fundamental change in our curriculum. All of the courses of study which are followed today are capable of arousing the enthusiastic attention of young men. None has been outmoded. What the country needs is not an educational revolution, but a moral quickening. That education should partake in this moral quickening is too evident to require proof. The fault, however, is not with the curriculum, but with the moral miasma which we have lately breathed. What we need as a nation, as an institution and as individuals is a more sensitive conscience, a stiffer backbone, and more light within to recognize and follow the continuing revelation of truth which will be vouchsafed to us. One need make no promises or prophecies. All we ask is that from the students of today and tomorrow may be raised up men who, without being the first by whom the new is tried or yet the last to cast the old aside, will be responsive to the needs of their generation and when the order to advance is given will move forward with steady courage. We hope that the Haverfordian "to his

native centre fast, shall into Future fuse the Past." As Victor Hugo says in his grandiose style, which we learn to recognize in our French studies, "Just allow the idea to unfold when the proper time comes; it grows and swells and permeates all; it is impersonated in some man; it takes possession of our aspirations and carves out a way to follow. It may be trampled upon and gagged. But just allow it some day to take possession of our representative assemblies, and we see this puny idea, trampling upon the heads of kings, rise up with the globe of empire in its hand and with the tiara upon its brow."

It may be helpful to study what an institution stands for by stating what it has sought to avoid. That American higher education has gone astray in certain respects is generally admitted. Despite its accomplishment in the past century, its success is not so great as to preclude a wiser emphasis in the future. Under pressure of numbers of unqualified students, the interests of the individual have been obscured: a process which is by definition an individual and retail process has been commercialized and made wholesale. In the second place, the physical development of the students has been subordinated to the development of trained squads who trade upon the name of an educational institution for the purpose of advertising it. Finally, the insistent demand for spiritual nourishment has been handed over to official deputies who have sought by the provision of fixed exercises and ceremonies to absolve the institution from further responsibility. All these defects, if such they be, are peculiarly American defects. We have followed the easiest way to settle a problem which was too big for us; we have been car-

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ried away by the lure of size, of publicity and of red tape. The proper perspective has too often been lost. Against the danger of these mistakes Haverford has struggled in the past. Working under our new plan we shall struggle more vigorously — and I hope more effectively—in the future to treat our students as individuals, to eschew mere numbers, to keep quality before quantity, and to inculcate a faith in the unseen and eternal powers which uphold morality and which will prove sufficient so long as life may last. We take our stand that “the right law in education is to take the most pains with the best material.”

Our curriculum has avoided narrow specialization. It has aimed to show life whole. It has built foundations rather than super-structure. It has been liberal rather than vocational, leaving their proper role to the graduate schools. That the foundation has not been deserted like a ruin, but has been used to support a noble edifice is shown by the extraordinary number of Haverfordians who have entered upon professional life, requiring additional and specialized graduate training. Nothing was more significant in the results of our recent alumni questionnaire than the evidence that of twelve hundred living Haverfordians who replied, sixty per cent had studied in graduate schools subsequent to their life at Haverford. Evidently this college has created a thirst for more, a desire for adult education, a continuing revelation. The success of Haverfordians, which is noteworthy in the graduate schools even in the presence of strenuous competition, is explained by two gifts which are conferred here: the first is the habit of regular daily preparation of intellectual

tasks; and the second is the almost unconscious habit of referring small bits of knowledge to the inclusive whole. The importance of this latter procedure has been increasingly felt in later years. Here, as at many other colleges, a system of final examinations has been devised to test the Senior's knowledge of his field and to supplement his information gained in particular courses. A single course or half course can be hardly more than a pinprick in the vast map of human knowledge. As such it has little value or significance, so seldom does the subsequent course of life happen to cross that tiny opening of light. But if, as on the marine charts, the pinprick bearing the familiar little flag is inserted with relation to known currents, winds and familiar shores, if the latitude and longitude is given beside the isolated pin hole, then we know where we are in the midst of the vasty deep, we know whence we have come and whither we are bound.

From the middle of the Pacific one may profitably meditate upon these things. One has the perspective of distance and a larger sense of proportion. Haverford is only a speck in the distance of memory, unseen but felt across the thousands of miles of surge, peak and plain. No available map shows its location, no news is at hand to tell that Founders Hall still stands. Some cataclysm may have destroyed it all, library, laboratories, dormitories. But no! If we have built aright in the hearts of men, Haverford cannot be destroyed. We have come back of course to see the well-loved spot, to hear the knock of bat and ball, to sing the old songs, to live again old days and greet old friends. But precious as that experience may be, it is not all. It is not even the main

cause for our coming. We have come back to touch the ground again, like Antaeus, to draw fresh strength and courage from the soil we have so often trod, to see the men who may shed a beam of light for us to reflect, to hear a word of truth upon which to meditate. Cannot each of us say with Wordsworth:

"Meanwhile, my hope has been, that I
might fetch
Invigorating thoughts from former
years;
Might fix the wavering balance of my
mind,
And haply meet reproaches too, whose
power
May spur me on, in manhood now
mature,
To honorable toil."

There is no new gospel to be proclaimed today. Those things which Haverfordians have heard from the beginning are still valid. Whatsoever things are true and honest and just, whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report must still be the objects of our search and our meditation. For these things no substitute has been discovered. Line upon line and precept upon precept must constantly bring us to the search for these qualities upon which character is based.

"Habit does the work
Of Reason, yet prepares that after-joy
Which Reason cherishes."

Our Centenary Program announces no new goal, but only a better technique for attaining it, a higher resolve to seek out the deserving individual and lead him in the paths of righteousness. What these methods are will be set forth this afternoon by those who aided in evolving them to those who are interested in

hearing of them. They will be changed from time to time to conform with further demands. But let it be borne in mind that some values in education stand fast. There is no need of constant change and variation to comply with the American demand for novelty. We shall try not to go off the gold standard at Haverford. (*Applause.*) Only over long periods can the influence and value of a human institution be estimated. You graduates of Haverford are our exhibit, our product of the past, our warrant for the future. Any confidence and support vouchsafed by the public is predicated upon your record as citizens, as scholars, as Christian gentlemen. Each generation provides the support for the next. Such is the law of nature in the human family and in the life of an institution for the training of young life. If we have confidence in the Haverford training as we survey it in its products today, we shall not let this college lack any good thing in the future.

Art may be academically defined as studying, tasting, savoring, meditating upon man's past attempts to express beauty and truth in thought, words, music, pictures and sculpture. It leads to the greater art of life and inspires creation. Science may be defined as the search for truth in the universe, and not primarily its application for commercial purposes. The latter is the business of the middle-man, the fitter and joiner of the individual pieces and corners of truth which the true scientist, who is pure in heart, pursues for the sheer joy of the seeing. We have not had many men who have made fortunes in applying science. But we have had many who have pursued Nature in her manifold forms. Quaker education has always encouraged amateur nature study and it

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was present at Haverford at the start. At one time by yonder vine-clad arch beyond the Library there were gardens and green-houses for the boys' plants and botany was the rage; in the late fifties, according to a contemporary student journal, it was moths and butterflies which they chased with nets to be crucified with pins on cork; (*laughter*) again, it was minerals, as many a Quaker housewife has known to her sorrow, (*laughter*) or birds, or, more recently, the despised reptiles and creeping things, through his knowledge and classification of which one of our Faculty has attained distinction. Searchers for Truth, all these collectors, and if Truth is Beauty, then too searchers for Beauty expressing itself in various language.

As at other institutions of our type before the rise of the social and physical sciences, the curriculum here stressed the classics, mathematics and moral philosophy, studies to whose disciplinary value we owe most of human achievement before 1850. Our forefathers felt that these substantial subjects made good citizens, leaders of thought, artistic creators. All history is there to speak for the wisdom of their judgment. But with time came the physical sciences, with their laboratories, and a great development of the social sciences,—economics, sociology, history and government. The modern languages, too, developed with an increased sense of world neighborliness. The living foreign tongues, which did not appear in the published curriculum until 1868, are now a part of every undergraduate course. Quaker education had consistently neglected the fine arts and music, being wrongly persuaded that they were too trivial and worldly to serve the training of serious men. In recent years

we have a modest but suggestive course of study in the history and appreciation of music, while a similar course in the history and appreciation of art still awaits endowment. Thus the years bring their additions to the curriculum. Rarely indeed does a subject pass from the scene. Rather does the scope of human curiosity grow wider and the demand for accurate knowledge become more insistent. Astronomy, which was present at the very founding of the college, has of late enjoyed a new and well-deserved popularity, and we shall invite you this afternoon to inspect our new Observatory. The science of archaeology, on the other hand, is a new subject of great potential interest to undergraduates, suggesting as it does that possibility of partaking in real discovery which is so fascinating to youthful minds. In all these matters affecting the curriculum, good judgment and a sense of proportional values are required. How far shall we go in expanding a college like this? How shall we preserve the capacity for a synthesis in the midst of so much analysis? How shall we rest content in our undergraduate field without trenching on the graduate schools? And how shall we preserve the precious spirit of liberal education in the pressure for vocational training? No one can speak for the future. But it is true at present that Haverford intends to remain a liberal college, restricted to its own specialty in which it has a chance to render distinguished service: to enrich the individual life and thus make a man good company for himself; to establish his character upon a broad and firm foundation of faith in the unseen, the spiritual and the eternal; to strengthen his body as a well-built mansion for his

mind; and to foster his resolve to play his part in assuming the political and social responsibility attached to citizenship. May our graduates say when they look back upon their alma mater what Dante could say after his conversation in Paradise with his old Florentine ancestor Cacciaguida: "Thou hast lifted me up so that I am more than I." That is the simple but delicate business of all education, to lead these young people up and out, up in their standards of aspiration, out into a wider field of social service. The truth must not be sealed, the dead hand must not control the future. However the individual may forget the stirring thought that he is but a link in an endless chain of transmission, an educational institution may not do so. We are bound to remember that we are, as one has lately said, "Inheritors of a legacy which, like all legacies, is not meant to be enjoyed in peace and comfort, but to be added to through years of toil and watchfulness and fostering care, so that the inheritance, made greater by their zeal, may be handed on to others." And though we do not believe that this college will be allowed to lack in the future for any good thing which it may require, we are persuaded that its future service will depend upon its fidelity to some such convictions as have been here set forth, with its eye single upon the primary business of education. Each generation is the product of the preceding and must accept its measure of responsibility. No future generation any more than our own will be free from that obligation to fulfil the Past with which the writer of the Hebrews concludes his review of the deeds of the Saints of Israel: "These all, having ob-

tained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."

It has been fitting to suggest to you, our colleagues who are strangers in our midst, what sort of a college this is which you have honored by your presence today and what it is we are trying to do. There are many methods of education being used among us, and none of us can be a law to another. It is natural that it should be so, for there are so many lessons to be handed on and so many fields of knowledge yet to be explored. Happily, each college and university has its own clientele which resorts to it as the place where it may find the particular expression of education which it requires. There need be no envy among us, but only rejoicing in each other's success and triumph. Anything that any of us can do to teach men to live together without wars and fightings, but with that understanding and good will which is the condition of peace, will be worth doing. It is the greatest task which lies before humanity today. Art has had its triumphs, science is winning new victories. But the highest art of all, the fundamental science of all, that of living together in a complicated society and in a closely related world, has not yet been mastered.

The celebration of Haverford's Centenary is in the nature of a family reunion. Our graduates need no welcome, for they are but coming back to their own house which they have built and in which their soul will always have a mansion. We have invited you as delegates from the institutions with which we are most closely affiliated because our cele-

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bration would not have been complete without you. We wished you to be at our party. As an expression of your sympathy and friendship we welcome your presence, and we invite you heartily to all the pleasures which the day may have in store.

Applause

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL, *President, Yale University:*

Mr. President, Honored Guests, Members and Friends of Haverford College, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a genuine pleasure to bring to Haverford College from Yale University—and I am sure I may venture to speak for all her sisters in New England — sincere congratulations on her one hundredth anniversary. The human centenarian is an object of respect, but rarely of envy. (*Laughter.*) Not so an educational institution. Each passing year that it survives, and far more each passing century, is wont to add not only to the respect in which it is held, but also to its vitality and power, establishing ever more fully its claim to longevity through high service, faithfully rendered. The first hundred years are notoriously the hardest, (*laughter*) and now that Haverford has learned the trick, there is no reason why she should not go on, century after century, fulfilling her noble destiny.

I esteem it a peculiarly friendly gesture on the part of the Haverford authorities to invite the President of Yale to participate on this auspicious occasion, for the first historical reference to Yale, on behalf of Haverford, exposes feelings quite other than those of affection. (*Laughter.*) In 1830, or thereabouts, in a Quaker journal enjoying no small prestige among the Friends, there is a discussion of the wisdom, and necessity

Mr. Leeds: We are much honored by the presence and participation in our program of the Presidents of two of our sister institutions. We are now to have the privilege of hearing from an older and greater one.

I have the honor to present James Rowland Angell. (*Applause.*)

of founding the institution whose guests we are today, and it was there written, and I quote: "It is a fact which, though painful, ought to be known by our members, that many children of Friends are placed at colleges of other religious societies, such as Yale, (*laughter*) Princeton, Muhlenbergs at Long Island, and at the Roman Catholic College in Maryland." To a Yale man, the only mitigating circumstance in this pronouncement is a feeling of gratification and relief that at that early period anyhow, the young Friends of Pennsylvania had not suffered the heterodox influence of Mr. John Harvard's College (*laughter*) which, in recent years, to our grave apprehension at Yale, has played so important a part in Haverford affairs, giving her at least two of her distinguished Presidents and many members of her Faculty.

However, Yale supplied her first Professor of the Classics, in the person of Joseph Thomas, thus setting firmly and once and for all the classical, humanistic tradition to which Haverford has shown such fidelity. Doubtful though it seems, it may have been due to the bucolic influence of Harvard that we owe the following provision of the original Haverford, in whose regulations it is written: "From close of school to six o'clock to be appropriated to active

exercise under the care of the Superintendent. During the proper season it is supposed that horticultural labor will be most suitable." (*Laughter.*)

This institution is a shining example of the reward which ultimately comes to the righteous,—unfortunately too infrequent—in that it has, in season and out, rigorously adhered to its own high conception of scholarship and discipline, suffering for its faith no little opposition and even the alienation of support from forces which would gladly have subsidized and promoted looser standards, and more confused, even though more popular, objectives. Its growth has been slow but steady and never with the sacrifice of either self-respect, or the respect of the more serious-minded and well informed in the world of education. In consequence, it enjoys today a position of unqualified distinction in the list of small colleges committed to the traditions of liberal education. The posts attained by its graduates in American life abundantly justify its methods and ideals. The records made by its sons in the advanced schools of scholarship and the professions among the great universities, also demonstrate beyond peradventure the essential worth of the training and discipline here offered.

Not many years ago there was grave anxiety among the small colleges lest they should be ground to destruction between the nether millstone of the great universities and the upper millstone of the junior colleges. I think there is still some cause for solicitude on the part of not a few of these colleges, some of them born out of time and occasionally, one fears, inspired to gratify religious pride and prejudice, rather than to give

expression to any truly serious intellectual or educational motives. Others, feebly supported and inadequately endowed, must also face the future with certain misgivings. But until the whole fabric of American education, from kindergarten through to the highest divisions of the university is changed, the position of the well-established and soundly administered colleges is secure, and Haverford stands conspicuous in the group of which this is true.

To teach men to think straight and for themselves, to introduce them to the great scientific and philosophical ideas upon which our culture and civilization rest, to open for them the doors of appreciation for great literature and great art, to kindle in them some spark of vision and imagination, to make them in some degree sharers in the spiritual and moral heritage of the race—these are things at which every liberal college aims, and they concern enduring values which men will not allow to die. When an institution that has kept the faith implied in such ideals passes its centenary, the occasion is one in which the whole nation may well rejoice.

We sometimes hear it said, generally accompanied by a sophisticated sigh or sneer directed most often at the large university, but not infrequently at the preparatory school or small college, that too many young people are going to college and in these trying times, when so many of them can secure no occupation after graduation, the force of this observation takes on new significance. It can hardly be denied that many young persons go to college who appear largely, or wholly, incapable of assimilating the values the college is set to convey. And not a few of them fall by

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the wayside before commencement rolls around; but there are certainly others deprived by economic and other reasons from enjoying the college experience, who could undoubtedly profit by it and pass on that profit to society. In the meantime, the nation is the richer by far for having in its younger generation so many young people who, in their college days, have at least tasted the sweet waters of the Pierian spring and carried away with them a finer sense of spiritual and intellectual values, a better disciplined mind, a more cosmopolitan and less provincial outlook on life. And that leads me to the last point upon which I wish to touch.

We are passing through a period where every human interest is being subjected to fresh appraisal—in commerce, industry, finance, politics, education, religion—nothing escapes. This appraisal is carried out from the distinctly social point of view. Education cannot, and should not, escape this judgment and we may expect to see a far more insistent scrutiny than heretofore applied to our colleges. Certainly we, in the colleges, must make a new and much more coherent effort to assure a vivid social consciousness in our students, sending them back into the life of the community with a deep and abiding desire to serve the needs of their time. Nor does one mean by such a formula to imply the slightly condescending attitude of the Lady Bountiful casting her pearls of philanthropic impulse; it is, rather, the genuine desire to offer the trained mind for whatever purposes the social order has pressing need—whether in business or the professions or the arts or in the walks of public life, the desire to find one's real place in life and there give the best that one has,

and this in contrast to the more familiar desire merely to make money and achieve what passes for success.

The most immediate point of critical attack in this reappraisal of higher education promises in many communities to be the exemption from taxation which educational institutions have generally enjoyed in this country. We in Connecticut have recently been assailed in our Legislature, as well as in our local governments. Massachusetts, Minnesota and Illinois, to cite only these instances, were earlier the scenes of more or less vigorous efforts to tax colleges and now New York City is threatening a similar assault. I do not venture to predict the outcome of these attempts. The more highly educated citizens well understand the importance of the colleges and universities, but to large numbers of the population they are simply luxurious establishments in which the sons of the rich squander their time and pursue idle sports.

I think it is clear that these institutions will be well-advised to try forthwith to demonstrate more convincingly to the rank and file of the commonwealth, as well as to the courts, which must pass upon the constitutional and legal warrants for their exemptions, that they render a service, not only to the communities in which they chance to be located, but also to society in general, of such unequivocal value as to assure them protection from all encroachments, financial or otherwise, which would rob them of their power to carry out the purposes for which they were established. They are the conservators and promoters of sound learning, the chief agencies for advancing the frontiers of knowledge and the indispensable means of higher training and discipline, both

intellectual and moral, for the choice youth of each successive generation. To crush them by sudden taxation would be a public calamity; to impose taxation at all would probably dry up the springs of private beneficence and so be ruinous to their future. For who is likely to wish to make generous gifts to an institution of learning if the income therefrom is in any considerable part to go to the support of the sewer system, or the maintenance of the police or fire department of the town in which the institution happens to be located?

State institutions will, presumably, remain tax exempt, but for the great private foundations, to which education in the United States has been so deeply beholden, to undergo rigorous taxation on their real property would be a fatal blow. To parry it, we must be prepared not only to make clear the socially sound basis on which tax exemption has hitherto rested in this country, but we must also be ready so to conduct our institutions that the public will not tolerate any injury to them. In some respects this procedure will be easier for the small college than for the great university. It enjoys a greater intimacy

with its constituency and its purposes are simpler and, in some respects, less ambitious.

On the other hand, the university sometimes has in its professional schools a more direct appeal to the American flair for the practical; but in neither type of institution will the process of interpretation be easy, and in both it will call for ingenuity and vision and courage. I am certain it should be seriously undertaken and that without undue delay.

In conclusion, let me wish for this noble and venerable institution, as it enters upon its second century of high and devoted service to mankind, the profound satisfaction of seeing its dreams come true. It has deserved well of man and none can fail to wish it Godspeed.

Applause

Mr. Leeds: We are fortunate and happy in having as the representative of Pennsylvania universities and colleges, the President of Lafayette College, which is just one year older than Haverford. President William Mather Lewis.

Applause

WILLIAM MATHER LEWIS, *President, Lafayette College:*

Mr. President, President Comfort and Friends of Haverford: A centennial celebration may mean a great deal or it may mean very little. President Angell has referred to the human centenarian. The story is told of a resident of Brooklyn who recently attained to the ripe age of a hundred years. Newspaper writers, scenting a human interest story of unusual value, hastened to his home. One of them said to the old gentleman: "Will you be good enough to tell us

how you account for the fact that you have reached this extraordinary age?" "Well," said the centenarian, "I account for it principally by the fact that I was born in 1833." (*Laughter.*)

There are some institutions just like that, (*laughter*) whose principal claim for distinction is that they have hung on for a hundred years. Our joy today is not so much that Haverford College has lived long, as that she has lived greatly. A few days ago in a book shop

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I noticed a new volume entitled—"Haverford College—A History and an Interpretation." I purchased it for three reasons. First, having been invited to speak upon this notable occasion, I wished to adorn my tale with the local color without which one cannot exhibit that conventional and jocose familiarity with a sister institution, (*laughter*) which is the life of an academic party. (*Laughter.*) Second, I have long since learned that anything that Rufus Jones writes is sure to be more stimulating than annual reports, surveys of higher education in Bermuda, (*laughter*) inaugural addresses, and all the rest of that imposing stream of professional literature which flows across a college president's desk. Third, I harbor the secret ambition, in some happy future year when deficits are no more, to write a history of the Small College in America. I have, therefore, been reading, as they have come from the press, the life stories of various institutions. There is no better way than this for one to discover what an individual college really is. For in the pages of the history are spread out with candor and, frequently, with refreshing naiveté the true expression of institutional ideals and achievements.

As I read page after page of this new contribution to college literature, I realized that the story was not following the usual lines. There did not appear the exhaustive and exhausting recital of college pranks in the "dear old days," (*laughter*) the emphasis on trivialities, the absence of outstanding accomplishment which in many college histories betrays humiliating and long-standing poverty in the intellectual life of the institution. Quite to the contrary, one is early made conscious of the high edu-

cational ideals which have governed Haverford from its inception; which have been clarified and applied with the passing of the years; and which have had their beneficial influence, not only here but throughout the academic world. Again and again throughout the narrative, the writer, in referring to the men and events which have woven the fabric of Haverford, uses the words "integrity," "honesty," "intellectual honesty." There is no suggestion of self-righteousness, or a vainglorious spirit in the repetition. It is the thought which would inevitably come to one who, as an historian, sought to present the dominating spirit of the college. And I dare say that if there existed throughout the educational world the degree of academic integrity here exhibited, most of the problems connected with approved lists, college entrance methods, credit systems and the rest of the quantitative paraphernalia of time-serving systems would disappear and we would see the dawning of a new day, marked by continuity, devotion and freedom. Intellectual integrity which presupposes definiteness, clarity of purpose and abiding ideals has not been present always in many of our institutions of learning because of the rush of numbers to their doors, and our mistaken notion that the rain of college opportunity should fall upon the fit and the unfit alike.

This anniversary would be just another occasion, not the significant celebration that it is, were it not for the fact that Haverford College has come through its century of existence not only content but determined to remain a small college in the best sense of that term. Her name never appears in the public press among those who, each September, welcome the largest fresh-

man class in their history. She is at the head of that very small, but very useful group which is really serious in setting a limit to numbers, to the end that only individuals worthy of a college education shall be admitted and, after admission, shall be treated according to their individual needs and abilities.

It is not necessary in this presence to point out that mere smallness is not enough to guarantee the effectiveness of an institution of learning. Those who have read Andrew D. White's *Autobiography* will not forget soon his description of a small college which, at the time of his association with it, was at its lowest ebb with an enrollment of but forty, — no discipline, no intellectual curiosity, no morale.

But smallness combined with scholarly leadership, intelligently selected students, inspiring tradition and progressive program, furnished ideal ground for that intellectual, social and spiritual development upon which the future welfare of our nation so greatly depends.

America needs the Haverford ideal in education, in business, politics and every other activity. In the present depression our nation is reaping the results of the glorification of bigness. Size has been our measure, not quality or solidity. We glory in the fact that we have the biggest university in the state, or the biggest building in the city, or the biggest pumpkin at the county fair. (*Laughter.*) We are the biggest users of telephones, automobiles and radios in the world. We also have the biggest traffic in machine guns, sawed-off shot guns and narcotics. (*Laughter.*) We have the biggest penitentiaries and insane asylums. (*Laughter.*) Our magazines have the biggest circulation—but what do they circulate? (*Laughter.*) We have

the biggest motion picture industry—but what does it produce? Bigness leads to unwieldiness, and unwieldiness leads to a smash-up. Bigness cannot be done away with, but it can be controlled and broken up into manageable units, for what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Some day we will have the courage to face the problem of our congested educational system and endeavor to ascertain the amount of waste and useless effort in our present procedure. Too much in the past have those who raised the danger signal relative to educational expenditure, material and intangible, been accused of being undemocratic, of attempting to deprive eager youth of their inherent rights. We have misinterpreted the statement that in the Republic all men are created equal; have proceeded on the theory that all have equal mental ability and stability of character and should be put through the motions of acquiring some formal learning as long as their parents may desire. There is a growing suspicion that there is need for academic birth control, (*laughter*) and this is based on the contention that if Alma Mater had fewer to nourish, her children would be less anaemic. (*Laughter.*) Those of our institutions which are breaking up into residence groups and are perfecting tutorial and preceptorial systems show true vision. The term "mass-education" is self-contradictory. There can be no real educational system which leaves the individual out of consideration.

We have had strongly before us in these days of the great depression striking examples of the results obtaining from the worship of uncontrolled bigness. Here we have seen hunger and

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privation in a country that is producing more food than we know what to do with. Our government feels it necessary to ask the farmer to plow under every third row. His ideal may have been to produce the biggest crop in his township, whether it was needed or not.

In our metropolitan areas, the worship of bigness has led us to fling skyscrapers higher and higher into the air, with the result that cities are now faced with tremendous over-building, unused space, increased traffic congestion, commercial inefficiency and discomfort in living.

Before the wreck of 1929, many industrial and business organizations had grown so big that the men at their heads were quite incapable of comprehending their ramifications. And when the icebergs appeared, during the fateful October, they hadn't the slightest idea which button on the complicated instrument board they should press to slow down the engines, what directions to give the helmsman—and so we crashed head-on at full speed.

Our biggest cities are the least well governed. Not one in the major class can point with pride to its municipal administration. The very bigness of the community makes it exceedingly difficult for the citizen intelligently to follow the activities centering in the city hall, a fact recognized by the wily politicians, who have a chance for personal aggrandizement never offered in smaller places. When America becomes a nation of big cities, as she will in a few years if the tide does not turn, when the countryside is divested of its man-power to speed the wheels in those centers "where wealth accumulates and men decay," much of our glory and strength will depart. The big cities gain their best recruits from the great hamlets and then

squeeze them dry in a generation or two. We need civic leaders with capacity to direct and control the bigness of the city.

If the overgrown city is a problem, in greater degree is the overgrown nation. There are those who believe our nation has grown beyond the power of a government system to guide it. There are those who believe that certain basic problems facing the Federal Government today are beyond solution, because the population is so large and so loosely knit that unity of purpose is impossible. They maintain that for the citizen of the far Western states the problems of the Pacific are of paramount importance, but that they are of less than passing interest to the dweller in Boston or New York. Do the Maine farmers and the Carolina cotton growers see eye to eye on the great questions confronting agriculture? They do not. Just how much do the citizens in the Mississippi Valley know, and care, about the things which deeply concern their fellow countrymen in Rhode Island or California? Little indeed!

Perhaps, when every other subject of interest has been discussed by our representatives in Washington, some courageous soul might suggest that we divide these United States into four independent nations: the Republic of the East, the Middle West, the Far West and the South. Immediately the cry of treason would arise, and there would form an impressive procession, following the flag up this aisle and down that. But if one marked closely, he would observe that the gentlemen from North Carolina and South Carolina marched together; the gentlemen from Iowa and Illinois flocked together, as would the gentlemen from New Hampshire and

Vermont. Then, after the shouting and the tumult ceased, the gentleman from Louisiana—if he had not been in personal conflict with the gentleman from New Jersey, (*laughter*) would gain the floor and deliver an oratorical broadside at the plutocrats of New York. (*Laughter.*) Perhaps the proposed division might do much to preserve the fine old types in New England, in Virginia, in Indiana—types that mean much to the world and which are unfortunately disappearing. Perhaps the division might give each section the opportunity for a balanced development of resources now impossible. Perhaps there would be many other advantages.

But we must not consider such possibilities too seriously. It is for us to train men to combat the handicap of national bigness. No less a leader than George Washington, with prophetic vision, suggested that this could be done in an institution of higher learning, where youth, "by association with each other, and forming friendships in juvenile years, would be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from these local prejudices and habitual jealousies which, when carried to excess, are never failing sources of disquietude to the public mind and pregnant of mischievous consequence to this country."

Our form of government, after the storms of a century and a half, is still here, and we may well be glad that it is; but it will only remain here if those who have the direction of education under their control develop in their students an intelligent and abiding interest in the solution of the tremendous problems created by teeming millions of population and countless square miles of territory. The basic element in such development must be the right and welfare

of every individual. It is upon such recognition that the security of a representative form of government depends. If it cannot be accomplished, there is chaos ahead. And it cannot be accomplished in a nation where uncontrolled bigness is not only tolerated but encouraged.

Thus, any institution which points the way to those things which promote personal development and the sense of personal responsibility, which deals with individuals, not masses, is rendering an educational service the effectiveness of which cannot be measured.

What is the use of maintaining a college with only three hundred students? If Haverford is as fine an institution as those who know education believe she is, why not make the advantages available to ten times that many? The answer is that you could not have Haverford and three thousand students on the same campus. Something that has been the priceless possession of this college for a century would go out as the crowd came in, something of the truly choice spirit would escape. Mediocrity might well take the place of superiority. We have had enough of mediocrity in our leadership. Our need is for men of outstanding parts, trained to the limit of their individual ability, not leveled down to the commonplace. Only such leadership can meet the challenge of the crisis in national affairs, in business, in the social order. Such is the leadership which institutions like Haverford have the unique opportunity of developing. Under the leadership of her distinguished President and his scholarly colleagues on the faculty the opportunity is here being realized. This occasion should give us renewed hope for the future, for the ultimate triumph of what is great over what is big.

Applause

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THE AWARDING OF HONORARY DEGREES

President William Wistar Comfort: Upon this occasion, the Board of Managers of Haverford College has voted to confer three honorary degrees upon distinguished graduates of the College.

By virtue, therefore, of the authority vested in me, I shall now proceed to award certain degrees, together with all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto; in testimony whereof, I shall grant diplomas, fortified with the Seal of the College and signed by the President of the Board of Managers, the Secretary of the Corporation and the President of the College.

Henry Joel Cadbury. (*Applause.*)

Dr. Cadbury presents himself.

President Comfort: A graduate of this College, and a Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard University; Professor of Biblical Literature in Bryn Mawr College; Chairman of the American Friends Service Committee; a recognized authority on the exegesis and interpretation of the New Testament. The Degree of Doctor of Letters.

Dr. Cadbury is awarded Diploma.

Applause

President Comfort: Cecil Kent Drinker. (*Applause.*)

Dr. Drinker presents himself.

President Comfort: A graduate of

this College and of the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania; a member of the Harvard Medical School Faculty for many years; eminent Physiologist, whose many publications constitute a rich contribution to the study of respiration, circulation of the lungs and lymph circulation; a teacher also who stimulates enthusiastic interest in his associates. The Degree of Doctor of Science.

Dr. Drinker is awarded Diploma.

Applause

President Comfort: Christopher Morley. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Morley presents himself.

President Comfort: A graduate of this College and of New College, Oxford, jovial apostle of mirth, (*laughter*) whose knowledge of the traditions of English Literature and of humanity has brought to his many friends honest and healthy cheer. The Degree of Doctor of Letters.

Dr. Morley is awarded Diploma.

Applause

Dr. Rufus M. Jones: All members of the classes back of 1886 are asked to gather at the steps of Barclay Hall near the Tent immediately after the dismissal for photograph.

The audience remains seated as the Academic Procession withdraws from the Tent.

EDUCATIONAL MEETING

ROBERTS HALL

Saturday, October 7th, 2.30 P. M.

PROFESSOR EDWARD D. SNYDER *Presiding*

FOREWORD

To arrange a set of speeches which should make public as officially as possible Haverford's plans for the second century was the task assigned to me by the General Committee on Centenary Celebration. The sources on which I was to draw were committee reports prepared by experts, to be approved by experts, and so technical that no one could understand them unless he knew exactly what had been the policy of Haverford College in the past. The audience at the Roberts Hall meeting had to have in every case a clear statement as to what the College had done, before it could grasp the significance of what the College intends to do. To select the essentials from the numerous reports and to clarify them in this manner was a difficult task—one in which I should have had little success had it not been for the able assistance of Dean Brown, Dean MacIntosh, Professor Watson, and several other colleagues, who helped me write the speeches.

To make these speeches at least a semi-official forecast of the College's future policy, some sort of censoring was necessary; one man's interpretation might be badly colored by his own special enthusiasms. Here the President of the College and a Faculty Committee headed by Professor Barrett were gracious enough to co-operate with me in an arrangement which approached perfection—perfection being a situation in which I should be entitled to credit for any merit the speeches might have, while they would be responsible for any misstatements or serious omissions. If we did not quite achieve this Utopian ideal, the fault was not theirs, but mine.

Several of the speeches were delivered by men who had not prepared them, but who consented to act, literally, as mouthpieces for the College on Centenary Day. Professor Palmer, Professor Kelsey, Professor Watson, and Dean Brown are not, then, to be held entirely accountable for their remarks on this occasion, but are to be thanked for delivering the material with an effectiveness that made the plan clear, point by point, to a singularly varied audience.

Here follow the speeches, not rewritten in essay form, but as they were delivered in Roberts Hall on the afternoon of October 7, 1933.

Edward D. Snyder

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

HAVERFORD'S PLANS *for the* SECOND CENTURY

The Chairman (Professor Snyder): Ladies and gentlemen, in opening this meeting it is my great privilege to introduce to you Professor Palmer of the Department of Physics. Professor Palmer, as chairman of the central committee which formulated Haverford's plan for the second century, is better qualified than anyone else to tell you how the plan was made. In addition, he will

speak on the subject of Admissions—
Professor Palmer.

Professor Palmer: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—

The question before us this afternoon is "How will Haverford meet the challenge of her second century?" We of the Faculty are eager to lay before you the answer we have found to this puzzling question.

HOW THE PLAN WAS MADE

Nearly three years ago the members of the Faculty voluntarily gave up their Christmas vacation and entered upon what has proved to be the most exhaustive educational investigation I have ever known—for three specific purposes. First, to dream a dream of the ideal small college for men; second, to have that dream criticized by the best and most experienced educators all over the East, and to re-mould it into a definite plan; and, third, to find ways and means to put that plan into effect early in our second century.

This was a stupendous task. In the first step, nine sub-committees of the Faculty undertook to take stock of nine essential phases of college life; each to determine wherein the Haverford of the second century might give a sounder and more vital education than the Haverford of the first century.

As chairman of the central committee to which these nine sub-committees reported, I was in a position to see and to marvel at what I can barely suggest to you at this time. I mean the energy, the perseverance, and the care with which

alumni, managers, and faculty worked and worked and worked until this task was done.

For success in the second step we have to thank our sister colleges and universities for their courteous, constructive, searching criticism in helping us to turn a dream—an ideal—into a plan. At more than ninety institutions, from nearby Swarthmore College to distant Northwestern University, presidents, deans, and leading professors listened to our representatives, discussed the details of our plan, and gave us without stint of their wisdom. We thank these sister colleges; we thank the delegates here today who represent them.

The final step, of putting this plan into practice, has already been begun, and bids fair to be completed early in the new century.

On Pre-Centenary Day some aspects of this plan were made public—but in a very condensed form. Today, at this gathering, we are making our first attempt at an exposition sufficiently complete to show the contrast between what we have done and what we aim to do.

In certain cases we plan to continue our already well-established policies, but in

others—well—take, for example, Admissions—

ADMISSIONS

Today the Centenary Plan as it affects admissions is of particular interest because most of the suggested improvements are already in effect. For many years Haverford has been handling the admissions problem with a considerable degree of success, and that you may understand our present practice I want to speak briefly of the past.

Like every other institution of higher learning, Haverford required of each candidate for admission a certificate of school credits. In most cases, the certificates were useful, but in doubtful cases they were not found to be of any great value, because, to state the matter frankly, there was hardly a school boy in the country, no matter how stupid or how lazy, who could not manage in some way to graduate from some preparatory school, if his father had money enough to send him from one school to another.

In a similar manner, there seemed to be no dearth of apparently reputable citizens who would furnish a certificate of character, no matter how vicious or how unprincipled the boy was, if admission to college was at stake. In borderline cases, then, certificates were not enough to enable us to make wise decisions.

A device that would furnish a further test of the candidate and that would supplement the certificates already mentioned, lay obviously in the requirement of entrance examinations. For a long time we used only our own examinations. Later, as a result of the most careful study on the part of individuals and committees, we changed to the College

Board examinations, under any one of three optional plans.

Specifically, these examinations assist in two important ways. First: The mere fact that a candidate is willing to take the examination shows that he does not shrink unduly from the intellectual effort involved in competing with his fellows in such a nation-wide test. Second: While the school certificate shows both the amount of work done and the grades received, we all know that the rating of one school is not equivalent to that of another. One marks very strictly, another very loosely. The results obtained from the College Board examinations thus provide a common standard of comparison from which we can determine with a reasonable degree of accuracy whether the candidate will be intellectually capable of passing our freshman courses.

In the past the responsibility for admissions was divided among the various administrative officers of the College, with the brunt of the load falling upon the President. In general the plan worked well. Haverford's presidents took a personal interest in the candidates, and had a happy faculty of estimating character. But as the College aimed to enlarge its service in the second century, with a corresponding increase in the number of responsibilities falling upon the President, a change was necessary if we were to make a still closer study of each applicant for admission.

It was decided that in our second century the responsibility for admissions should be placed in the hands of one

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man, a Director of Admissions, who, by training, experience and interest, should be equipped to centralize the good points of our past practice as the starting point for improvement in this most important aspect of our educational work.

The newly-appointed Director follows our former procedure as regards the gathering of such documentary evidence as the school record, the medical certificate, and the certificates of character. The Centenary Plan reaffirms the requirement of College Board examinations for every applicant. But it puts special emphasis upon the *study* of each candidate's *personality* by the *Director of Admissions himself*.

Under the new plan, what was done in somewhat casual fashion before is done very much more thoroughly, and what was sometimes done before is now done in every case. The Director of Admissions aims to have a personal interview with each candidate, and is often assisted by other members of the Committee on Admissions. At these interviews everything is noted; for instance, the quality of the English spoken by the candidate, his interest in different subjects, the speed and the accuracy of his responses to easy questions, and his comprehension of what a college education ought to mean to him. If Haverford accepts the boy, it does so because the College has every reason to believe that he is sound mentally, morally, and physically. If the College rejects him, it does so because after the most careful consideration, it has adequate reason for believing him unsound or less desirable than some other applicant.

Except where the demands of time and expense are excessive, Haverford does not favor having these all-important interviews conducted by alumni groups

in distant cities. In order to insure uniformity of comparison, the Director himself goes as far afield as possible, such districts as the Middle West, the Middle Atlantic States, and the New England States being considered within range.

As a practical illustration of how this improved plan of admissions works in the case of a satisfactory candidate, let us say that two years before he enters Haverford John Smith and his father visit the College, and while Smith Senior takes a stroll about the grounds, John and the Director of Admissions have a talk about John's school work, what subjects he is taking this year, and what he plans for next year. They discuss the bearing that certain subjects will have on his work in college and on his later professional training if he has already some idea as to what his life work is to be. Because the Director knows the school, he and John have much in common as regards the different members of the faculty, the extra-curricular activities, what the school has been doing of late in an athletic way. John is encouraged to talk about his summers, his hobbies, what he expects to get from college as well as any contribution that he thinks he can make. This is a typical preliminary interview.

In the following year the Director visits John's school, where he has a chance to see the boy in his natural background at work. Because the Headmaster is an old friend, his verbal comment is invaluable. When John's school record comes in from the Headmaster later in the year, there lies behind that document a complete picture to supplement it. As soon as it is received, the College sends John all information about applying for permission to take the examinations. All the preliminaries have

been taken care of, and all attention can be focused upon the examinations, which come during the third week in June.

Early in July the boy receives a letter from the College informing him that on top of his school record and his personal interviews his examination results are satisfactory, and that he is admitted without condition to Haverford College, which by this time has become for him a not entirely strange place.

In these ways, and in many others which I cannot take time to explain now, Haverford makes as long and as careful a study of each applicant for admission as is possible before admitting or rejecting him. Since the number of applicants considerably exceeds the number we can admit, our Centenary Plan sets virtually no limit on the pains to be taken in se-

lecting the right boys—those who are best qualified to profit by what Haverford has to give and who are, at the same time, most likely to contribute to the life of the College. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman (Professor Snyder): The next speaker is Professor Kelsey of the Department of History, who will explain the Plan of Study. In formulating this Plan of Study I had the pleasure of working for several months with Professor Kelsey and of seeing how ably he served as chairman of two important committees dealing with the curriculum. I am happy to introduce him to you now—Professor Kelsey.

Professor Kelsey: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—

THE PLAN OF STUDY

Let us consider first the plan of study for the freshman and sophomore years. In the *past* the plan of study at Haverford involved a set of universal requirements. That is to say, every student, regardless of his special interests and of his preparatory school training, was required to take certain courses definitely specified by the College. The number of required courses, although not great, was sufficiently large to introduce, we feel, a serious fallacy of averages. It forced every student into a rigid mould which suited the average well enough but took no account of unusual cases—and many of the cases proved to be unusual. This scheme of required courses was a little like requiring each student to wear a size 15 collar because that is the average size for the freshman class. In the new plan for the freshman and sophomore years we have got away from that, and

put into effect something which we believe is evidently better.

We do not, however, wish to move over to the absolutely free elective system, whereby freshmen and sophomores would be allowed to choose any courses they might select. Many American colleges and universities have experimented with that free elective system and have found it, we believe, thoroughly unsatisfactory.

Neither a system of flat requirements, then, nor a system of free electives seems to be entirely satisfactory for undergraduates. We have, accordingly, already in effect an improved plan which we expect to continue in the future. This Haverford plan, although it might be impractical of administration in a large university, seems best suited to the needs of a small college where individual attention can be given to the intellectual

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development of each student. In brief, "Haverford recognizes each matriculate as an individual whose training in the past and whose plans for the future may differentiate him from his fellows. The College, accordingly, lays out tentatively at the beginning of the freshman year an individual plan of study for each student. This plan is confirmed or modified for each succeeding year."

In making each plan, the College directs a faculty member to see to it that the student takes in his freshman and sophomore years certain courses which are required *in his case*, and that he distributes his elective courses in such fashion as to make the plan both broad and sound. For example, one freshman comes to us from a preparatory school where he has had three years of history. The faculty adviser, although *allowing* him to continue the study of history should he so wish, will not bring pressure to bear to make him continue his work in that subject. Another freshman, having had no history at all in preparatory school, will doubtless be urged by his adviser to take a course in history at the earliest opportunity; and should the freshman show adequate reason for not doing so, the adviser will rigidly insist on his taking a course in the closely related field of economics or of government.

The College insists on a fairly heavy foreign language requirement. It also has *one required* course which, though called "Freshman English," contains not only a minimum of elementary composition and literature, but also so much intensive training in the use of the Library, in making and using bibliographies, and in the process of inductive reasoning, that it has become almost an inter-departmental affair. Our one re-

quired course, then, emphasizes methods of scholarly procedure which cannot be mastered in secondary school, but which must be mastered in college if a student is to prepare difficult material, either oral or written, for effective presentation.

In making out the plan for each student, the adviser is instructed to see that certain fields are not entirely omitted, but that within each broad field the student is allowed a wide range of choice. Thus, no plan of study would be considered satisfactory unless it included one course in science involving laboratory work. No plan of study would be considered satisfactory unless it involved a course in economics, government, or history. No plan of study would be considered satisfactory unless it involved a somewhat advanced course in literature, either English or foreign. No plan of study would be considered satisfactory unless it involved a course in Biblical literature, philosophy, or sociology. The student has, of course, a considerable number of free electives, and in choosing them he is certain to increase the number of courses which he takes in these and other fields.

In summing up the Centenary plan of study, then, for freshman and sophomore years, we may say that each student has an individual program of courses, worked out in conference between the student and an official college adviser to meet the intellectual needs of that individual. When at the end of the sophomore year the student is asked to choose a field of major concentration for the junior and senior years, we feel that he is able to make an intelligent choice, and that the foundation of the freshman and sophomore years is

sufficiently sound to build upon with some assurance of stability.

Before discussing the junior and senior years, it may be well to interpolate here a statement about honors work. Twenty-four years ago, Haverford developed a unique scheme whereby extra work, for those who elected to try for honors, was blocked out to supplement each course — even the freshman and sophomore courses. If a student did brilliantly in a single course and, at the same time, carried out an extra program of work, supplementing the normal requirement, he was awarded "Honorable Mention" in that course. By continuing this process further in the same department, he could win Preliminary (or Sophomore) Honors in a subject (mathematics, French, or whatever he chose); and so on to Final Honors at graduation. If he did very brilliantly, and passed a special oral examination, he could by vote of the Faculty, be awarded High Honors or Highest Honors.

In our honors work for the second century, many of the underlying principles of this scheme will be retained.

In explaining the Centenary Plan of study for junior and senior years, a few words will suffice to show how the new plan both builds on, and improves on, our former policy. Five years ago our Faculty became convinced that our attempt to gain breadth of education resulted too often in mere smatterings. As a result, each student was, and now is, required to pass at the end of the senior year a review or comprehensive examination in his chosen field of major concentration. This requirement has led automatically to bringing each man's plan of study to a focus. The benefits of such an examination, at Haverford and elsewhere, have been obvious.

According to the conclusions of an outside examining board, we are now securing each year at Haverford a freshman class of exceptional ability. A considerable proportion of these men begin at once to work toward honors. All of them adopt a major program of such standards as are comparable with the honors work done at some institutions. Our ideal for the second century is to provide facilities in the junior and senior years such that every student may be potentially an honors student.

It is significant that the College arrived at its Centenary Plan for the junior and senior years in the following manner: It appointed *two* subcommittees, one on Major Concentration and one on Honors, to make independent reports. After exhaustive study, one committee reported that the work of Major Concentration should be virtually the same as that for Honors, and the other reported that the work for Honors should be virtually the same as that of Major Concentration. The two reports coincided.

To explain our Centenary Plan for Major Concentration and Honors, I shall now read parts of these reports; and may I say that such repetition of ideas as you may note is deliberate—made to emphasize points of special importance.

From the findings of one committee:

"We believe it to be our duty to recommend general principles which should *guide most departments in most cases* even though we know them to be impractical *in isolated special cases*.

"By May 1st of the sophomore year the student should be required, as now, to make his definite choice of major, and thereafter the principal faculty

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responsibility for his work should rest on the major supervisor in the department of his choice.

"Each department should require of its majors a program of work such that a student who carries it out *with marked proficiency* would merit an 'honors degree' in that subject.

"Each department should look on each of its majors as working, through the years of his major concentration, toward an honors degree, and give him all the facilities and advantages which leading American colleges give to their special honors students."

(A mediocre student may, of course, take little advantage of the chances given him for advanced individual work in his junior year, and thus gradually disqualify himself for honors. He will, however, still be a candidate for a "pass" degree. On the other hand, a brilliant student may do so well in the advanced individual work of his junior year that his professors will be glad to free him from all routine requirements in his senior year and give him the full benefits of a special program of study under individual guidance.)

"We believe that the success of a course leading to a degree with 'honors' is dependent not so much on the quantity of this special work, as on the intelligence with which it is planned, the quality of the teaching, and the proficiency with which the student carries it through. We are anxious that Haverford should continue to be a liberal arts college, not a vocational training school, and we have in mind the fact that the larger the amount of work devoted to major concentration, the smaller will be the amount devoted to the broad fundamentals.

"We believe that in most cases

nearly half the work of major concentration may lie in 'supporting courses' offered by closely related departments. That these 'supporting courses' should be a part of the essentials for which the student is held responsible at the end of his senior year is here taken for granted.

"The purpose of the major concentration would not be adequately served by the inclusion of only elementary or intermediate courses. In every case some of the work must be definitely advanced.

"Opportunity for Individual Work. Throughout his entire senior year, and in some cases throughout much of his junior year, the student should be given every opportunity for individual pursuit of learning, regardless of the activities of his fellow students majoring in the same department. Although the College will not require, and may seldom permit research in some hitherto unexplored field of scholarship by an undergraduate, elementary research should be encouraged and required wherever possible.

"Teaching Methods. In definitely offering to all majors at Haverford facilities and opportunities equal to those offered elsewhere to honors students only, the College must prepare itself for a very considerable change in teaching methods.

"It must prepare to offer every good student such privileges as the following: small classes or conference groups, freedom from the plodding pace of mediocre students, and ample opportunity for conference with a major supervisor.

"In the case of students majoring in French or German, we believe that the advantages resulting from spending a

considerable portion of the junior or senior year in Europe would usually outweigh its disadvantages.

"Aim. The aims of the major examination should include calling the student's attention early in his college course to the fact that the 'cash register' system (passing a course and then forgetting it) can not be used in the field of major concentration; providing a climax or focus to the two or more years of major work; and giving him an opportunity to prove to the professors in his department whether he has done the work specified with such marked proficiency as to merit the degree with 'honors.'

"In this connection, departments will do well to consider the supplementing of the regular major examinations by a departmental thesis, by oral examination, or by any other method which may meet their particular need."

And now a little, on the same subject, from the report of the other committee:

"Principles and Policies Recommended. That every student in the junior and senior years should be freed to a substantial degree from the lock-step methods of large, old-style courses; that the student should have the opportunity and should shoulder the obligation to form habits of independent study and of conference and discussion with his instructors and his fellows. This implies a decrease in the number of hours devoted to lectures and a considerable increase in the time assigned to work in small conference groups. At the meeting of such groups, most of the time would be taken up with the presentation and discussion of subjects assigned to students for individual study. In this

way it would be possible to adjust the quality and quantity of work to the capacity of the student.

"In addition, each department should permit as much supervised independent study (in lieu of courses) as it may deem suitable in any case. Any student of exceptional ability may, by a vote of the faculty, be excused from part or all of the regular requirements during his senior year and devote his time to independent study under the direction of his major department or division.

"At least three-fifths of his work in junior and senior years should be prescribed by a department (or division) and directed toward a final comprehensive examination, which should include all work so done. We urge serious consideration of the policy of introducing outside examiners for such examinations.

"We suppose, of course, that a considerable number of each graduating class will ultimately qualify only for pass degrees, and some for no degrees at all.

"But the intention of these changes is not to make it more difficult for a serious student to obtain a degree; rather to give him the added advantage of individual attention.

"We wish to state very clearly that we have no thought, at any rate for the present, of insisting that every student be urged to carry on his junior and senior work exclusively by the conference method. But we do believe that it could be done profitably by our better students; and we believe that every student would profit by a substantial increase of that type of work.

"We believe a system based on the above suggestions will be a moderate,

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feasible, and important step in the forward-movement now being made by the best colleges and universities of America." (*Applause.*)

The Chairman (Professor Snyder): Haverford's plans for Physical Education will now be set forth by Dean

Brown. Dean Brown was a member of the sub-committee dealing with Athletics and Student Health. As you doubtless know, he is Director of Physical Education—Dean Brown.

Dean Brown: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

The success of the Centenary plan for physical education and intercollegiate athletics must rest to a large degree on the solid foundation of our *past* policy and practice. An understanding of what has been accomplished up to the *present* explains to a great extent what we intend for the *future*. Contrary to the situation at many institutions, Haverford's athletics have been in spirit and practice harmonious with the other phases of the educational process. In briefly surveying the past, we now consider those elements of our experience which, by extension and addition, will become an integral part of the new program.

For many years Haverford has had a required program for the freshman and sophomore classes, incorporating as far as possible modern theories of physical education. This program has been sufficiently attractive to arouse an interest which has continued into the junior and senior years, even to the extent of voluntary participation in the formal work and in intramural and intercollegiate competition. The intramural program has been a transition zone, never clearly defined but very important, between the required work and intercollegiate competition. For those who for one reason or another could not engage in Varsity sports, the intramurals have provided a substitute, while many of our successful athletes received there much of the

training that later made them effective in outside competition.

Haverford's intercollegiate schedules, considered over a period of years, show a variety of opponents. Our firm belief that our football teams should engage in competition with those institutions of comparable strength and similar athletic ideals is resulting in the settling of our schedules into well-defined grooves. Large universities have offered us attractive financial guarantees if we would send our comparatively lightweight football team against their heavy ones, but we have refused, for some years, to subject our men to the certainty of overwhelming defeat and the probability of serious injury. In soccer, basketball, golf, and tennis, on the other hand, we have competed on an even basis with much larger institutions.

The same wisdom which has prompted a sane attitude toward the caliber of our opposition, has operated in Haverford's stand on the question of proselyting and subsidizing of athletes. There has been no equivocation in this respect, as is evidenced by the statement of policy passed by the Faculty on June 8th, 1925, in order to crystallize the practice of many years' standing. From this statement I now read:

"The Faculty quite appreciates the desirability of securing students for the College who are men of 'all-around'

ability. It conceives, however, that the pride of this College in the past has been in its graduates who have excelled in academic pursuits, wholesome social activities, and clean, vigorous sports, without allowing athletics to throw their college career out of balance. It is to the continued development of this type of 'all-around' Haverfordian that the College should dedicate itself.

"There are some very subtle dangers in American collegiate athletics. The inclusion of 'physical vigor' among entrance requirements or in the qualifications for a scholarship may open the door to all the evils of subsidized athletics. Such a qualification for a Rhodes scholarship may be entirely wholesome because of the status of collegiate athletics in England. In America, the expression, 'physical vigor,' may readily connote special ability as an athlete. In that case the ultimate result is that the college with the highest paying athletic scholarships will win most of the athletic contests.

"It is for this reason that the Faculty of Haverford College desires to steer a course as far as possible from the dangers above mentioned. It is not that physical vigor is undesirable or that athletic prowess is undesired. It is that in the peculiar status of American intercollegiate athletics it is almost impossible to give special encouragement to those features without lowering academic standards and approaching the plane of subsidized athletics.

"Haverford is the only small college for men in the United States that requires examinations of all who seek entrance to the freshman class. That

requirement has done much to safeguard academic standards, although it has been a stumbling-block to many promising athletes."

And here, ladies and gentlemen, is the crux of the whole matter.

"To that end the Faculty desires to record its settled conviction that athletic ability, by whatever name or phrase it may be called or described, should be given no consideration as a qualification for the granting of any scholarship in the College, and that the Committee on Admissions should never modify the usual requirements for admission in favor of a candidate because of special athletic ability.

"The Faculty is firmly convinced that this is the only course worthy of the best traditions of Haverford College. Only in this way can the development of 'all-around' Haverfordians be continued." (Here ends the quotation from the minutes of the Faculty.)

During the ten years from 1922 to 1932, we have competed in football with other colleges of about our own size, and in most of the other sports with colleges of our own size, and larger, and with universities immensely larger. We have won, despite the handicap of size, and despite our sporting stand against athletic scholarships, we have won, I repeat, more intercollegiate contests than we have lost. Victories, 313; defeats, 310.

But the justification of our athletic policy is not in the fact that we have happened to win a few more games than we have lost. Haverford has never sought the dubious national publicity that comes when a small college has an unbroken string of victories over a period of years. The justification of our

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policy lies in the fact that, while winning our fair share of games, we have persistently tried to build up the physique of each undergraduate, and to promote in the intercollegiate world high standards of clean amateur sportsmanship.

In surveying our athletic past we may add, to what has already been mentioned, one other extremely important aspect of this phase of the College's work: namely, the part that Haverford has played in the organization and development of several intercollegiate sports. For instance, in the improvement of football (through representation on the Rules Committee and on the various bodies which deal with officiating); charter membership in the Intercollegiate Soccer League, and a continued interest in the development of this sport; almost a century of cricket; charter membership in a track association; and membership in other sports organizations too numerous to mention. Among individuals who have helped Haverford to make this noteworthy contribution to clean amateur sport, there stands pre-eminent the name of our professor-emeritus, Dr. James A. Babbitt.

So much for the past. At present we find our athletics in many respects in a satisfactory condition. We have a program which takes stock of the freshman as he enters and aims to strengthen his weaknesses and improve his all-around development in the course of his two years of required work. Through intramural and intercollegiate programs every individual in College is given the opportunity for active competition. The number and variety of our sports is slowly increasing. More and more our schedules include those colleges with which we are most eager to have rela-

tions. With the appointment this year of an all-year coach for football, basketball, and baseball we have taken another step toward our goal of resident coaches. Our athletic representatives continue to hold positions of responsibility and render yeoman service in the various associations and conferences. In a period in which drastic curtailment of athletic programs has been necessary in many institutions, ours has been maintained in its entirety, a fact that indicates its fundamental soundness.

Looking into the future, the Centenary plan calls for further improvement of several points in our present situation. It indicates in no uncertain terms that we must face, in an adequate fashion, a plain fact which has been overlooked at most colleges until lately; the fact that the spectacular sports (such as football, baseball, track, and crew-racing) do not lend themselves readily to being kept up after a man has left college. They are not what we now call "carry-over" sports—sports that can easily be carried over into later life.

In the future *we want every undergraduate to play well at least one of the carry-over games*—such as tennis, golf, handball, and squash.

To promote this somewhat neglected ideal and to accomplish other aims of almost equal importance, the Centenary Committee on Physical Education has made recommendations of which four may be mentioned now as of special importance. First, that the actual physical equipment of the College be greatly extended by supplying these capital needs:

- A. A field house which shall contain an adequate swimming pool, courts for squash and handball, and such other facilities as shall permit a further extension of the physical

work, as well as the practice of outdoor sports, indoors during the winter.

B. At least eight additional tennis courts. (*I am happy to interpolate here an announcement that funds for building five of these new courts have just been donated by the Class of 1923.*)

C. A nine-hole golf course.

D. Two more playing fields, one of which shall replace Merion Field.

Second, the Committee recommends that Haverford should have a substantial athletic endowment, the income from which will enable us to cement athletic friendships and promote healthy athletic rivalry with those particular institutions whose ideals of sportsmanship and strictly amateur athletics are closest to our own, even though these institutions may be at a considerable distance. This endowment will provide, further, for the upkeep of our athletic plant. More important still, it will guarantee us an income with which we can appoint coaches of the type that we wish to employ for the success of the whole program.

The third recommendation involves a redistribution of duties and responsibilities among the various College officers in charge of athletics and student health. While this is of extreme importance, it is concerned with personalities and technical matters which cannot appropriately be discussed at this time.

Finally, the Committee recommends the extension of certain required athletics into junior and senior years, thus making four years in all, with satisfactory participation a prerequisite to graduation. This program involves on the part of the student a thorough under-

standing of the aims of the course as a whole. It proposes a series of normal steps in developing co-ordination and control such that some attainment in competitive sports is a natural result. It emphasizes above all the development of abilities and skills designed to serve as permanent assets throughout the life of the individual.

A summary reveals that we have in actual practice already realized some of the aims that many colleges claim in a general way as their ultimate goals. In a word, the Centenary plan calls for the extension of an already established and fairly satisfactory program into one that makes a more special study of each student's physical needs, and requires him to develop himself systematically over a period of four years in a process that offers him such facilities for the enjoyment of athletics that his participation as an undergraduate will almost inevitably lead him to continued participation through the subsequent years of his life.

Applause

The Chairman (Professor Snyder):

The last speaker of the afternoon is Professor Watson of the Department of Sociology. Professor Watson was a member of the sub-committee on Student Adjustment and has played a leading part in promoting the College's plans for the second century. He has kindly consented to speak briefly on four aspects of the plan, and if the transitions are sometimes abrupt, you will understand that the abruptness is to save your time and keep to essentials—Professor Watson.

Professor Watson: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—

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STUDENT ADJUSTMENT

Every college encounters from time to time the problem of students who, though intellectually up to standard, suffer from emotional or social maladjustment. Some of them take no interest in their studies and fail in courses they could pass. Some suffer so much from unpopularity that they lose most of the joy of college life. Still others are of the "lone-wolf" type that refuses to work well with their fellows. All these individuals are in grave danger of becoming partial or complete failures in later life unless a special effort is made on their behalf. Any effort that a college makes to treat these maladjustments or to stimulate healthy growth of personality, comes properly under the heading of *student adjustment*.

Past. Until lately the work of student adjustment was carried on largely by the Dean of the College, with such informal and somewhat amateur assistance as he could get from colleagues on the Faculty. *And much was accomplished.* Neither the Dean nor the Committee on Delinquent Students was concerned so much with enforcing discipline as with salvaging valuable human material.

Present. At present the recent appointment of a special Dean of Freshmen has added to our ability to assist all students in making a proper adjustment at the beginning of their college career. In addition, the College feels justified on rare occasions in referring a boy, through his parents, to a competent psychiatrist. Thus the student with an unsatisfactory attitude toward his studies, or toward his fellow men, or toward himself, stands a fair chance of being helped to change his undesirable patterns as soon as possible after entering college.

Future. In the future the College hopes to deal even more scientifically and more efficiently with these cases. The Centenary Sub-Committee on Student Adjustment has made definite and far-reaching recommendations. These recommendations have not yet been carried out. This is partly because of financial difficulties and partly, perhaps, because it is very easy to scoff at the whole matter—to say the boy must actually taste the bitter fruit of his undesirable patterns of behavior before he can be roused to cultivate a saner attitude; that he must sink or swim, and that any such organized movement for systematic study of personality development by experts is an unnecessary and expensive addition to our academic machinery. Nevertheless, the opinion is growing that the College has a definite obligation here, that makeshift arrangements are not Haverford's ideal for her second century, and that the Committee recommendations must be carried out.

The most important of these recommendations are:

(1) The College should appoint and make responsible for student adjustment, a man whose special training, personality, and sympathy with the cultural program of the College makes him able to carry on this work with success. An inevitable corollary of such an appointment is the presumption that the man in charge of student adjustment would devote a considerable part of his time to the teaching of psychology as a regular member of our Faculty.

(2) Authoritative material on methods of diagnosis and treatment of maladjustments should be disseminated among all members of the Faculty either by lectures by competent authorities, or

by publications, to assist each faculty member in handling cases that may arise and which might not be detected without such knowledge.

(3) Every member of the Faculty should assist the man in charge of student adjustment by discovering students in need of attention, and if the case is beyond such assistance as he himself can give, by securing the co-operation of the man in charge.

(4) The College should, in addition, pay a small annual retaining fee to another man of very different type, an expert consulting psychiatrist, who should give advice in regard to cases of special difficulty and take up the most acute cases himself.

It is important to have *both* these men in our service. With an expert consulting psychiatrist to take up extreme cases of maladjustment that frankly are pathological, we accomplish two results. First, we see to it that these rare pathological cases are in the hands of a spe-

cialist. Second, we remove the one most serious stumbling block to the success of the whole plan, for the whole plan would fail if students ever came to look on the professor of psychology as what they call a "nut doctor"—as a man whom they could *not* consult without fear of some stigma.

On the contrary, the plan is to have this professor of psychology (in charge of student adjustment) so likeable as a man, so approachable, that almost every undergraduate would at some time knock on his door for friendly conference.

In this way the College plans to meet a still larger need. For every student finds himself facing new and stimulating experiences calling for constantly changing adjustments. And the plan thus outlined, moves toward an ideal that each undergraduate be helped to understand his own limitations and his own strong points, to round out his personality, and to have at graduation the emotional maturity and poise necessary to success and happiness.

STUDENT LIFE

I may now mention certain phases of our college life which have been carefully studied in our Centenary plan, but which we have not time to discuss this afternoon: student government, the honor system in examinations, attendance at classes, social relations between students and Faculty, the supervision of extra-curricular activities, and the assimilation of freshmen.

All of these are important parts of college life; and since there is not time to take them up now, we may note that

our plan for the second century does include this list. I repeat—

Student government.

Honor system in examinations.

Regularity of attendance at classes.

Student-faculty social relations.

Supervision of extra-curricular activities.

The assimilation of freshmen.

But let me hurry on to another topic, which lends itself better to treatment at a meeting of this sort:

FACULTY RESEARCH

The long list of publications by members of the Faculty attests the past inter-

est of Haverford College in sound scholarship. For some time there has been a

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growing conviction that "teaching is unlikely to remain vital and sound over the years unless the teacher not only keeps abreast of his subject, but maintains a modest program of research or creative work." That it should never be carried on to the detriment of his teaching is obvious. On the other hand, the advantages to Haverford College of a Faculty actively engaged in research or other creative work are notable. Such activity is an unfailing source of that intellectual growth essential for good teaching. Research in some corner of a man's chosen field deepens his insight into, and broadens his outlook over, the whole field. It keeps alive in him an enthusiasm for the subject which enables him to do that which above all other things is essential for good teaching—to arouse the interest of his students in the subject.

At the threshold of its second century Haverford College reaffirms its faith in the ideal of a balanced program of teaching and research or other creative work for each of its Faculty. While recognizing the achievements of the past in striving for this goal, we would not be blind to the fact that the century just dawning offers a challenge for more nearly approaching the ideal set before us.

A balanced program of teaching and research does not just happen. It is the result of certain well-established policies on the one hand and of certain favoring conditions on the other. It is our aim to make both to prevail in increasing measure in the years ahead.

The desired balance between time spent on research and on teaching tends to be upset as one or the other is given undue weight in policies of academic advancement in either rank or salary. In this matter the natural tendency in many places seems to be for the balance to tip in the direction of research. In such

places a teacher who does not produce published research at frequent intervals, even though it may sometimes result in a neglect of class room preparation, student contacts, or committee service, commits professional suicide. Haverford College intends that teaching, student contacts, committee service, research, and other forms of creative work shall each receive its full recognition but no more.

In maintaining the above balance of activities, the College is fully conscious of the fact that even with the self-interest motive operating in favor of research, inadequate provisions and facilities for creative scholarship tend to crowd research or other creative work out of the teacher's schedule, with the danger that a point of stagnation is reached when he cannot rouse the interest of his students in his subject because his own enthusiasm for it has departed. In order to avoid this condition and to encourage the desired amount of research, we look forward to the realization of the following program:

1. A teaching load that at all times leaves the conscientious teacher with reasonable time for research.
2. Adequate stenographic assistance that not only facilitates time-conserving routine correspondence, but also is invaluable in the preparation of manuscripts.
3. Larger appropriations for the purchase of books, especially in certain fields.
4. Additional apparatus and supplies for the science departments.
5. A maker and repairer of scientific apparatus for the science departments.
6. The establishment of a general fund to provide grants in aid of research and publication.

7. Provision for granting emergency leaves of absence with pay in addition to regular sabbatical leave to

those men who demonstrate the need for additional time to complete an important piece of research.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES

For a hundred years Haverford College has sought, without stressing any creed or dogma, to appeal to the spiritual qualities which are in every normal youth. It would not be wise to recommend any change in policy at this time.

The religious atmosphere at Haverford has been as much a quiet, normal feature of its life as is the beauty of the campus. Religion has been thought of at Haverford not as something apart from life, something injected from outside, but rather as complete spiritual health. It has been and still is a simple, pervasive spirit of reverence, of sincerity, and of aspiration for the highest values of personality.

Haverford has always put a strong emphasis on periods of hush and silence, of concentration and meditation, as vital ways to interior depth of life and spaciousness of mind. The quality of service to the world which has been rendered and is being rendered by Haverford men bears plain evidence that virility and robustness of faith spring out of that kind of religious life.

During the entire history of the College the Faculty and students have met together each week as a group for a short period of corporate worship on a basis of silence and unprogrammed speaking. This unique type of meeting has had a powerful formative influence on the lives of many students, and it is a frequent testimony of graduates that these occasions often gave them a sense of the reality of God.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the spiritual influences at work in the College have brought about a condition of practical morality here which has been a notable contribution to American college life. Through ten decades our undergraduate body has been relatively untainted by drunkenness, gambling, and other vices—not so much because of formal rules and prohibitions as because of the positive influence of spiritual forces making for the good life. More than this, our graduates have carried on and exemplified the good life both here and in distant lands.

Future. In looking ahead to the future the Centenary Committee is eager that Haverford should preserve at all costs this power of righteousness, which has become traditional. It recommends that the College, while adapting its methods progressively to changing conditions, should continue to stress the spiritual forces that have proved of most value to our own students. In particular it recommends that the College shall always take care to have among the Faculty persons whose lives will have a contagious spiritual influence on the students—men whose main line of work may be in some department of instruction, but the by-product of whose lives, usually unconscious, will be revealed in the development of character that comes about in the lives of their students.

The position of Haverford College may be set forth clearly in words which I now quote from one of President Comfort's recent addresses:

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"I would require that our appointees be upstanding men whose daily walk among us should leave no doubt as to their personal standards of integrity and of the strength hidden in their inner life. I should further require that they speak with reverence of matters that are worthy of reverence, and that they should not belittle those things which have been found by the race to be pure, true, lovely, and of good report. There is a common type of instructor who is nothing but an animated machine, a technical expert who proceeds by rule of thumb and who has no bowels of mercy or milk of human kindness. He has no inner life, no unseen depths of inspiration, but treats his students as though they were as soulless as himself. Our colleges are no place for such. What we need is laymen who have the welfare of their students constantly upon their hearts, who enter into their students' lives and win their trust and affection. If the power of conventional worship has been lost for a time, there is one force that will never pass out of this world, and that is the force of attraction that a noble character has for youth. If it can't be done with hymns and orisons in a dim religious light, it must be done man to man on the campus, in the study, and on the playing field. . . . It is a mistake to suppose that Presidents and Deans are the only men

whose business it is to exercise this solicitude and fraternal oversight. It is the business of all the Faculty in their intimate contacts with students to cultivate their friendship and by tact to win their confidence. . . . What right has a man who has adopted teaching youth as a profession and who accepts his salary from an educational institution, to wash his hands of all responsibility for the spiritual welfare of his students? If education neglects the spiritual, it is unworthy of the name, and if it delegates the spiritual to the professional, it will in these days be ineffectual. My experience of late has been that students will pay the closest attention to the man who speaks to them of spiritual truth with frankness out of a convincing personality. . . . What counts is the individual contact. A great preacher is an occasional inspiration, but it is line upon line and precept upon precept that finally penetrates. . . . Thus in friendly contacts between older and younger fellow students must the beautiful fruits of the spirit be cherished. After all, this method is only a return to the method employed by the highest Authority we know, the Greatest Expert in the art of loving men." (*Applause.*)

The Chairman (Professor Snyder):
Ladies and gentlemen, the meeting is adjourned.

THE following section of this booklet includes the Musicales of Friday evening, the Dedication of the Strawbridge Memorial Observatory, the Historical Address by Dr. Jones, the Library Address by Dr. Lockwood, and the Centenary Poems other than those delivered at the Alumni Dinner.

No account is given of the Special Friends Meeting of October 8th, when, as was fitting, no record of the remarks was made. The service was, however, considered by all who were privileged to attend, a striking and most suitable conclusion to the Centenary Celebration.

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THE MUSICALE

At nine o'clock, Friday evening, October 6th, the classes who held their dinners on or near the campus, adjourned to Roberts Hall, where, for an hour, a group of Bryn Mawr girls and Haverford boys, under the leadership of Henry S. Drinker, Jr., 1900, gave a demonstration of informal singing.

Mr. Drinker explained that this was in no sense a concert or performance; the purpose being merely to show how a group of people, with moderate musical experience and ability could, without previous preparation, sing interesting music together in their homes, with no thought of preparing for a performance before an audience, but solely for their own musical enjoyment, in the same way that they would read a novel, a play, or a book of poetry.

Since 1933 marked the Centenary not only of Haverford, but also that of the

greatest of the Romantic composers, Johannes Brahms, the boys and girls sang a number of his works for mixed chorus, including "The Trysting Place" from Op. 31, five of the Liebeslieder Waltzes, and the fourth number from the German Requiem. The chorus also sang several beautiful old chorales of Bach, interspersed by numbers by Sibelius and Carissimi, given by the Haverford Glee Club, which also sang a marching song by Brahms to which John Hazard, 1933, had written three verses on the spirit of Haverford.

It was a source of satisfaction to those who heard this demonstration to see young Haverford thus taking part with such genuine pleasure and enthusiasm, in the kind of music which measured full up to the standards of culture followed by Haverford for so many years in the field of literature.

DEDICATION
of the
WILLIAM JUSTICE STRAWBRIDGE
MEMORIAL OBSERVATORY

The gift of his brothers
FREDERIC H. STRAWBRIDGE
ROBERT E. STRAWBRIDGE
FRANCIS R. STRAWBRIDGE
and his children
BARBARA W. STRAWBRIDGE
WILLIAM J. STRAWBRIDGE

FREDERIC H. STRAWBRIDGE, '87, *presenting the Observatory on behalf of the family, said:*

Friends and Guests, Fellow Haverfordians: Fifty years have passed, since my first formal visit to the site of this Observatory.

In 1883, our late beloved President Sharpless conducted a small squad (I say "squad" because we were more or less under martial orders), from our then Freshman Class, to "view the heavens" through a telescope, a rare experience for us.

Strange to say—the novelty of the occasion and the mystery of the instrument are my most vivid impressions of that event.

When it came my turn to "look," I seemed to see no further than the eyepiece; the beauty of Venus and the flight of Mercury were *entirely lost* on my untrained vision!

Many changes have come since those days, additional buildings have been erected, others enlarged and improved, but the old observatory remained, it

stood as a lonely sentinel forgotten at his post! Yet the subject was not *dead*. Unseen forces were at work, future possibilities were kept in mind, new leadership inspired new efforts, and so today, a *vision* has become a *reality*! This building is the consummation of well laid plans, long *contemplated* and only recently made possible of execution. It is the result of expert advice, and careful study by those at the *College* and the earnest cooperation of those concerned in the scholarly development of Haverford's Educational Programme.

May we venture the *expectation* that better facilities and modern equipment will create still *wider* interest, not only among the Faculty and Students, but in the *Community* at large?

And now it is my privilege on behalf of our *Family* to present to Haverford College, this New Observatory in memory of William Justice Strawbridge, of the Class of 1894.

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MORRIS E. LEEDS, '88, *President of the Corporation, in accepting the Observatory on behalf of the College, said:*

I gratefully accept this generous gift, Mr. Strawbridge, from you and your family—officially on behalf of the Corporation, and without official warrant (but none the less sure that I am speaking their minds) for all of Haverford's Alumni and friends, who rightfully join both in the acceptance and the thanks, because it is to those who have studied here, and that wider circle who love and admire her, that Haverford really belongs. This gift is one of many that have come from your family since your father, Justus C. Strawbridge, started many years ago your family habit of generosity to Haverford. I am not going to embarrass you by attempting to list those gifts, which indeed I could not, because many of them have been so quietly slipped in when the need was seen, that the record is now difficult to trace; but I do want our friends gathered here to know that this particular one comes from your good self, Frederic H. Strawbridge of the Class of 1887; from your brothers, Robert E. Strawbridge of the Class of 1892; and Francis R. Strawbridge of the Class of 1898; and from your nephew and niece, William J. Strawbridge, and Barbara Warden Strawbridge (now Mrs. William E. Lingelbach, Jr.), son and daughter of your brother, William Justice Strawbridge, of the Class of 1894—in whose memory all these gifts have been made and for whom this Observatory is to be called the "William Justice Strawbridge Memorial Observatory."

Perhaps I should be influenced by the brevity and restraint of your delightful speech to limit myself to saying just that, but I cannot resist the temptation of the occasion to say a word about

Haverford's Observatory through the century whose close we are celebrating.

In 1834, that is, in the second year of the school, John Gummere, the Principal, taught Astronomy here and made for himself a small observatory, the site of which is approximately marked by the sun dial between the Smith Memorial Garden and the Chemistry Building. He was an astronomer and mathematician of note. His text book, "Gummere's Astronomy," went through at least six editions, and his book on Surveying was *the* book from which that subject was taught in this country for half a century, going through 28 editions. Samuel J. Gummere, his son, later President of the College, carried on the teaching of Astronomy.

In 1852 a larger Observatory was built and equipped with an 8" telescope, which was made by Fitz of New York and was one of the earliest made in this country. It is of such historical interest that the Franklin Institute Museum is glad to have its tube and equatorial mounting, on loan. Its 8" objective in a new mounting will be installed in the smaller of these two domes.

In 1884 a new telescope, made by the famous Alvan H. Clark & Sons, was purchased through the efforts of President Sharpless, who taught Astronomy here for many years. The excellent lens of that instrument in a new mounting will have the chief place (in the larger dome) in the new Observatory.

The little telescope which John Gummere used in his 1834 observatory was later rebuilt as a transit instrument and used by President Sharpless and others, and in a still further modified form will have a place in this new Observatory.

We can from this and other facts assume, I think, that Haverford's Observatory has been a living one since 1834, which makes it junior only to that of Yale among America's living observatories, Yale's having been established two years earlier.

This splendid gift of the Strawbridge family, together with the Hinchman Foundation for Teaching Astronomy, would seem to guarantee the continued devotion which this venerable mother of all the exact sciences so properly has had through Haverford's history, and which is a necessary part of a well rounded education — the aim of our Centenary Program.

HENRY V. GUMMERE, *Director of the Observatory, said:*

A story is told of a Chinese sage who was relating to some friends one morning a dream he had the night before. He had dreamed he was a butterfly, flitting from flower to flower in the sunshine for a whole day. The dream had been so vivid, the sage said, that he could not make up his mind whether the night before he had been a man dreaming he was a butterfly, or whether he was now a butterfly dreaming he was a man. Having dreamed for some years of a new and well-equipped observatory, I find myself somewhat perplexed, like the Chinese sage, to know whether this building here is a reality or only part of the dream. However, I am informed on good authority that it is no dream, and I am comforted by the thought that, if it *is* a dream, what I say here will make no difference to any of us.

I take it that my part in these exercises is to explain what has been done here, why it has been done, and what are our plans for the use of it. I shall

And now I have the pleasure of calling on the present teacher of Astronomy, whose enthusiastic interest in the subject is in no small measure responsible for the accomplishment which we are celebrating—Mr. Henry V. Gummere of the Class of 1888. He is the great grandson of the John Gummere who started Astronomy here in 1834, and a grandson of the Samuel Gummere who later taught it and was President of the College. He ably carries on the tradition of a distinguished family of Haverford teachers. Dr. Francis B. Gummere and Dr. Richard M. Gummere are also of the clan, although their interests were in other than mathematical and scientific lines.

consider first, the building, then the instruments.

The new building occupies exactly the same site as the old one. The greater part of the old building was of wood (the only wooden building on the campus used for instruction purposes), both domes were of wood, and all that part was falling into disrepair.

The new building is composed entirely of stone, steel, and concrete, and is as near fireproof as it can be made. The domes also are of steel. The central part of the ground floor formerly contained nothing but a corridor leading from the north wing to the south wing; this space is now filled by an integral part of the new building, containing a much-needed classroom, under which is a basement with a dark-room, storage room, and lavatory. It has been found possible to do away with the piers which used to support the two telescopes; these are now supported by heavy I-beams which rest directly upon the

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eighteen-inch stone walls. This removes all obstructions from the rooms under the domes, giving us full use of these rooms. The one under the south dome has been made into a library; the other will be used as a workroom for advanced students. The roof of the classroom is of reinforced concrete, and supports two circular platforms of concrete. On one of these will be mounted the four-and-one-half-inch equatorial telescope presented to the College several years ago by Charles Evans, one of our managers; the other platform will support the eight-inch reflecting telescope constructed many years ago by Levi T. Edwards, of the class of 1881, while he was here as student and instructor.

The north wing of the old building was of stone, and we hoped to preserve the walls; this was found not to be possible except for the east and west ends. Our reason for wishing to preserve this north wing as far as possible was that it was the oldest part of the observatory, having been built in 1852, and one of the oldest in the country. However, the door in front of which I stand, and the windows on each side of it, are the original door and windows. Moreover, the 1852 telescope was mounted on a marble column, which, in its turn, rested on a heavy granite base. This column and its base have been built into the wall of the vestibule of what is now the main entrance, on the east side, and the column bears an inscription commemorating this gift and today's event.

Of the instruments, two have already been mentioned. The mounting of the 1852 telescope was completely worn out; the lens, an excellent eight-inch, had a slight flaw in it and has been re-ground. It will not be mounted at present. The mounting of the telescope in

the south dome has also been discarded; the lens, a ten-inch by Clark, is being given a modern mounting with electric drive. The transit instrument and the zenith instrument are being thoroughly overhauled and put into first class condition; they will be mounted again on their old piers in the north-west room.

Two new instruments are: a photographic telescope, which will be mounted in the north dome, and a remarkable modern instrument designed especially for the detailed study of the sun, a combined spectrohelioscope and solar camera. Unfortunately, none of the instruments is ready for mounting, so you will be unable to see any of them at this time.

Haverford is primarily an undergraduate college and the equipment here is not designed for graduate research work. It will, however, serve admirably its purpose, which is to enable us to give our students a thorough understanding of modern astronomy and its methods, and to give those who wish it practical training in several different fields, which will enable them to continue with research work in any of the large observatories. This does not mean that we shall not be able here to contribute to the sum total of astronomical knowledge. There are several important lines of observation which can be undertaken here, and we expect eventually to set up a program of systematic work in one or more of these lines. What that program will be will depend upon several factors—the capabilities of our instruments, our climatic conditions, the preferences of our students, and others. It will take some time to determine upon this program.

While it was possible with the old instruments to go through the motions

of making several different kinds of observations, the results obtained were, because of the imperfections of the instruments, quite unreliable and could not be put to any useful purpose. This was, of course, very discouraging to the students, and I can not adequately express my gratitude for the splendid gift which has not only changed all that, but will add greatly to our possibilities of work and to the comfort and convenience of our surroundings.

In conclusion, I must express my grateful appreciation of the services

of several persons who have contributed greatly to the success of our project. To J. W. Fecker, of Pittsburgh, our instrument maker; to Mellor and Meigs, of Philadelphia, architects; to Robert J. Johnston, Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings, who acted as general contractor; to William Anderson, who acted as construction foreman, and to Clayton W. Holmes, instructor in engineering, who helped in many ways, our hearty thanks are due.

The building is now open for inspection.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS

From the Steps of Founders Hall

By RUFUS M. JONES

Napoleon thrilled his soldiers in Egypt with the words: "Remember that forty centuries are looking down upon you from the top of those pyramids." Well, vastly more of importance has happened here in one century under the shadow of that old belfry yonder than during all the forty centuries under the shadow of the pyramids.

Remember that thirty-six thousand five hundred days are looking down on you from that old octagonal belfry, and something important has happened to somebody's life here in almost every one of those days. We have every reason to congratulate and felicitate ourselves as we look back today on these eventful days since this building came into being on what was Rees Thomas' farm. Our two hundred acres cost \$17,865. A realtor could probably give us a stunning price on its market value today. But no price would tempt us to sell. William Carvill with the magic of his skill as an English landscape gardener enriched the grounds with an imperishable beauty. In front of me stands the noble scion of the Shackamaxon treaty elm, planted here by Joshua Baily. Every foot of the campus is crowded with some peculiar charm with which memory enshrines it. It has been transformed from a wheat field to a nursery of men. The amazing fact for us is the way in which men's hands and minds and faith through the years have put a consummate spiritual content into these acres and have raised from them a harvest wholly unlike that

which Rees Thomas garnered from these fields when he owned them.

Some of our buildings have the unique beauty of a simple refined and noble architecture. This old Founders Hall set a good standard which, alas, was not always followed, though we have made an excellent come-back to the purity of the original style. But from the very first and through all the generations our grounds have had a touch of Eden, with no lurking snake (and, incidentally, no Eve), and they grow steadily more beautiful with the years. The pervasive beauty of this environment is one of our supreme assets and it leaves an unimaginable touch upon the minds of those who study here and dwell here.

The invisible college, the viewless structure of ideals and loyalties and college spirit, is the greatest thing about Haverford. It is what makes Haverford great in fame and unspeakably dear to our hearts. It has been the work of many minds laboring together. It has been built like King Arthur's city, without din or noise or hammer.

"And if ye hear a music, like enow

They are building still, seeing the city
is built

To music, and therefore forever being
built."

It is the work both of teachers and of taught. Some of these noiseless builders through these years are remembered and honored, but there are many "forgotten men" who have labored for us here.

I was in the Junior Class fifty years ago when we celebrated the half century, and by a happy fortune I have seen or had part in most of the events of this greater half of the life of the college. I knew four members of the first student body and I was a friend of one of the first group of professors, so that in some dim sense I span the entire life of this Alma Mater of ours, though it is only a spider web bridge. I have, I believe, taught here a longer term of unbroken years than any other person has done except President Sharpless. I have taught every graduate of the college since the class of '94. I never had an "H" on a sweater, but there is an "H" on the inner walls of my heart. If you don't believe, dig in and see.

The two things that have mattered most here in these hundred years have been (1) unyielding loyalty to high ideals, both of scholarship and life, and (2) the leadership of men of sound scholarship, kindling personality and magnanimous aims.

There is a well-known character in the Bible who met a compromising situation by saying: "I am doing a great work and cannot come down." Our distinction today in the educational world is in the main due to that steady refusal "to come down" to lower standards.

The men at the helm of this institution have shown the spirit of the Seneca's pilot in the storm:

"O Neptune, you may save me if you

will, or you may wreck me if you will, but whichever you do, I shall hold my rudder true."

And that fidelity has been due to a clear vision in their souls of a great mission in education to be accomplished here. But visions are futile until they are incarnated in persons who translate them into flesh and blood and make them march in actual life. There has always been somebody here who was blazing a luminous trail of life, often many such persons. Daniel Smith, Paul Swift, Samuel Gummere, Thomas Chase, Pliny Chase, Isaac Sharpless, Lyman Beecher Hall, William Wistar Comfort may do as samples of the shining bead roll in this apostolic succession. Our past is a glorious inheritance.

We are now on a momentous watershed; we are at a great divide. A recent Punch has a picture of an intense young maiden who says rapturously: "I always think the future is so inevitable." Yes, the future is inevitable, but progress is not inevitable. There is no cosmic escalator which is guaranteed to carry ideals up to their consummation and full glory. Great beginnings and noble traditions are immense assets but nothing can insure a future to match this signal past of ours except the same high faith, unswerving loyalty, fearless leadership, utter devotion to truth, consecration to the tasks of life-building and the continuation of that apostolic succession of kindling personalities.

THE LIBRARY ADDRESS

From the Steps of Founders Hall

By DR. D. P. LOCKWOOD

The Library of Haverford College is its most valuable possession. If the whole college plant were wiped out by fire or flood, the library could not be replaced in its entirety for love nor money, and even if unlimited funds were at the disposal of the college, it would be a matter of years before equivalent library facilities could be offered. Every year the need of a modern fire-proof library building becomes more urgent. Of course, we might rent a fire-proof storage-warehouse in Ardmore and put the library safely away. Its status would then be the same as that of some of the older—and greater—libraries of Europe, whence one may obtain a book only on 24 hours' notice. But this would never do. American pedagogical requirements are more exacting and are becoming more exacting every generation.

Let us consider what Haverford's library requirements have been, are, and will be. To understand the future, we must first glance briefly at the past.

For the opening of Haverford School in 1833, a scholarly library of about 1000 volumes was assembled. It was housed in a single room at the south-west corner of Founders Hall. For thirty years this collection, which gradually grew to 3000 volumes, was administered as a lending library for students and faculty, open once a week for the withdrawal of books, and supplemented by the Loganian Society Library of about 1500 works of general literature. During most of this

period, when Haverford was a boarding school, there was no connection between the use of these books and the class-room instruction, which was conducted with close adherence to a few prescribed textbooks. In 1856, when the first steps were taken to transform the erstwhile school into a college, the Library was distinctly inadequate, and remained inadequate for six or seven years.

In 1863 began an entirely new era in the history of the Library and its relation to the College. The Alumni Library Fund of \$10,000 was raised as a permanent endowment for the purchase of books, and the second college building was erected, namely, the Alumni Hall and Library. The Library comprised the north wing of the present building, and Alumni Hall (which did not house any books until 20 years later) was what is now the center or nave. The 3000-odd books were carefully arranged and shelf-marked, and here ere long, by the open fire, the students of the college could read or study for as much as four hours a day. The general collections of the Loganian, Everett, and Athenaeum societies were available in the same room. In 1876 the first card-catalogue was prepared, and in 1888 the society libraries were given to the college, making a total collection of about 17,000 books, to which in 1890 were added the 7000 volumes of the Baur Collection, purchased in Germany. Thus, finally, in the early nineties about 30,000 books were housed in

the Library and Alumni Hall. During this second period of 30 years, from the early 60's to the early 90's, the Library played an important role as almost an independent department of instruction in the College. It was the department of liberal culture. The librarian had sole authority in the selection of new books, and for individual students he laid out courses of general reading, which bore fruit in the essays and exercises of the literary societies. Such librarians as Clement Lawrence Smith and Allen C. Thomas were men of broad culture who did much to form the minds and tastes of students. But class-work was still largely unrelated to the library, and for the scholarly needs of the Faculty the Library was inadequate.

In 1895 occurred the first sign of a new use of the Library as a means of instruction in vital connection with the class-room. This was the creation of a Faculty Library Committee to assist the librarian in the choice of books. It was chiefly the English and Political Science Departments which began to assign extensive reading in the Library as part of the required class-work, and gradually this developed into the present regime, in which each department of instruction is responsible for developing its own collections of books and makes constant use of its books to supplement its oral instruction.

During the first period, the library grew three-fold, during the second ten-fold, and during the third it has grown four-fold.

Are we now about to enter upon a fourth era? I trust so. I speak for the Faculty, when I say that we envisage a combination of the best features of the last two periods. We must recapture the intimacy and unity of the second period,

when the atmosphere was conducive to quiet reading and reflection and the books were invitingly at hand and within reach. We must hold to the sound scholarly development of the present period. But we must also go further, and produce a library so housed and so administered that it will be the tool of the new educational ideals of the College for sound scholarly work in the major subjects, under the new methods of personal discussion and instruction in small groups. The Library thus becomes the laboratory of the humanities, and a building must be built which will accommodate faculty and students together in this more intimate cooperative investigation and research. In an embryonic way, this was accomplished during the seventies and eighties in a single large room with 20,000 books by sixty or seventy students and a half dozen teachers. To fully accomplish the same results in accordance with the highest standards of modern scholarship with 300 students, 30 or more teachers, and two or three hundred thousand books will not be a simple matter of enlargement — not merely one vast hall ten times as big as that of the 80's. With increase of size comes increase of complexity. To house books by the hundreds of thousands requires a special type of architecture—the so-called steel stack, but for Haverford's educational work this structure cannot be merely for storage. It must be livable, it must have desks and alcoves and cubicles and studies and seminar rooms and typing rooms adjacent to every division and subdivision of this bee-hive of knowledge; and there must be every proper kind of treasure-room and periodical room and map-room and reserve-book room and reference room;

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and there must be adequate space and seclusion for every sort of necessary staff-work.

Not until this modern equipment is provided will Haverford be able to go forward with her new educational program. I call your attention to the fact

that once before, in 1856, when Haverford planned a great step forward, her sure advance was deferred until her library facilities were more than adequate. So it is now; only when the needs of the Library are fully realized will the College attain her new ideals.

FOR HAVERFORD'S HUNDREDTH YEAR

I.

Time moves, and seeing its movement we remember the past,
Not our own small part only,
But the past which belongs to the men who walked in the roads and on the paths we
are now walking.

A hundred years,
With their perfected roundness,
Stir these things in our minds and in our hearts;
We talk of them to others, and talking, learn from others,
That the same thoughts and feelings have been stirring in them too.

II.

The founders,
Now pictures hanging on our walls,
Were men one time,
Wearing out steps with their tread and polishing their sleeves at desks;
They had wives and children in the familiar way,
Before they became pictures.
But, along with our passions, they had one passion more.
Not for us to recapture this passion,
Not for us ever to feel the glow of an idea from which a thing begins,
We must be without the glow of the labour of planting the tree.
He who plants the tree rarely dwells in the house built from its wood;
To others belong the seasoned timbers.

III.

When the first hall was made and peopled with its little crowd,
The founders did not call it Founders Hall;
But its creamy walls, holding the sun, must have contented them,
As their sons sat on the steps,
Worked at its desks,
Slept and ate in its rooms,
Shouted from its windows,
Did all the things that were meant to be done in the first hall, and now in the first
hall's many extensions.

IV.

Boot-strap fades to loose trouser
And trouser shrinks to plus-four;
The admired whisker becomes an unfashionable smiled-at ghost;
The old photograph is looked at because it is old;
Children's children's children begin to appear,
And men say, "Do you remember.....?"

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In such unsubtle ways time moves
Until a round number of years is reached,
And at the century the living must pause.
It may be only for a short moment, a day or an hour;
But when they pause they find that the moment grows,
Before their eyes, in their minds, it grows and is as big as a hundred years;
And in that broad extent
They see the casually accepted gifts of the generations
For the first time.

V.

We have used through this long time
The trees that are growing,
The stones that are being laid,
The open pages of books, the smell of the heating flask in the lab, the scratch of pencils,
The insistent voice of the lecturer, and the quieter tone of the intimate talkers.
We have sent new yells after old yells into the unfriendly nearby sky on playing-field and running-track,
We have walked in a growing field where others have planted
And where others will reap,
And we know ourselves suddenly for both the reaper and the planter,
Seeing with time-lengthened sight is a strange experience;
It shows us that our strength is good only because it has been drawn from a great reservoir,
And that where our power is exerted, the power of others has been put forward too.
Though our names may not be those that stick to men's lips,
We find the smallest push of our muscle
Fairly recorded among the efforts of thousands and thousands.
As the years turn over in our minds,
We find that we are not one thing but many, we are inheritors and bequeathers at the same moment.
We see ourselves standing,
Not at the beginning of time,
But somewhere in its ceaseless movement:
We learn that where we stand in the roll of the years
Is the place where we play our temporary part,
Some of us taking our costumes and our speeches from the older actors,
Some of them ready to hand them over to the younger.

WM. A. REITZEL, '22.

TO HAVERFORD COLLEGE
ON HER ONE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

We bring our wreaths of laurel for your brow,
We bring our paeans at this pregnant time.
O Mother, though we praise your beauty now
Yet this is but the promise of your prime.
For we, your many sons who hold you dear,
Have had a vision of that fairer face,
And guess what riper beauty every year
Will bring you, and what more becoming grace.
Still build your sons with strong and supple thews,
Still give them knowledge of the ages' lore.
Be theirs the courage and the will to choose
The ways unknown or never tried before.
Give them the conquering heart, the questing mind,
The urge to follow truth unto the end.
The inner worth of things send them to find,
And give to each, for all his days, a friend.

These lawns, these trees we love because of you—
Their white of winter and their green of spring—
And in our hearts old echoes wake anew
When students sit on Founders steps and sing.

O lead your sons to follow beauty's lure.
Awake their feeling while you teach them fact.
To keep the flame you light within them pure
Give them the generous heart, the mind exact.
O mighty Mother guard the old truths well
But ever greet clear-eyed the strange and new,
And by example teach your sons to tell
The evil from the good, the false from true.

Great hearted Mother this one gift supreme
Add to the rest: Grant every son a dream.

HARRISON S. HIRES, '10.

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TO FRANCIS BARTON GUMMERE

1855-1919

Professor of English at Haverford College

1887-1919

What flowers of words have we to deck his grave
Who bow our heads remembering his face?
What wreaths of rhyme that time will not erase
Will keep his spirit which our love must save
For other youth who understanding crave?
And we who knew him have but little grace
Who do not give his memory fitting place
And fail to pass along the light he gave.
A century old! What sons our College owns.
Of whom we boast and who have brought her fame,
Chase, Richards, Parrish, Bispham, Morley, Jones,
And many others worthy of acclaim;
But one man unto all our callow youth
Brought beauty and a hungering for truth!

With what a guttural and sonorous tone
He made the ancient vikings live again,
Heroic, blue eyed women, mighty men
Whose boastful daring stirred us to the bone.
Then Tristram and Iseult grieved not alone
Where Gaelic folk saw fairies in the glen,
And Gwenivere we loved and Gwendolen
And knew the knights about King Arthur's throne.
Then minstrels sang and longing troubadors.
And pageants passed and pilgrim calvacades,
And pillared saints displayed their rags and sores
And spurred the folly of the sad crusades.
With still the wonder of those magic hours
Within our hearts we bring no fitting flowers.

About him was an aura of delight
Who knew and loved and pitied human kind.
The sympathy his understanding mind
Was quick to give to each adventurous flight
Of our dull fancies, fanned them glowing bright.
He led us on—and panting far behind
We learned each day new wonders we would find
And caught from him a deeper truer sight.
Around the world with infinite device

He searched the spirit and the mind of men
From tropic palm and sea to polar ice.
In tent and castle, palace, hut and den
We sang their songs and sat around their fires
And shared their deeds and troubles and desires.

All we who drank that sparkling wine and drew
Divine intoxication from the draft
Can only pay our debt in worthy craft.
Thus is the pupil to the master true.
Ah, who can quite those days review
That class of his that thrilled and sighed and laughed?
For we were drunk who of that liquor quaffed
And may our sons be drunk with beauty, too.
We, fresh and green, were seasoned with his salt,
Which gave us thirst that life can never sate.
We are impelled forever to exalt
The search for truth, the passion to create.
Our debt is past our power to reimburse.
I only bring this garland of my verse.

HARRISON S. HIRES, '10.

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1833-1933

Four years of contact with a world of men,
Who worldly-wise are wiser than the world,
Who arm themselves with folio and pen
To seek out truth wherever facts are hurled.
They know that knowledge is not all in books,
That man has never lived by bread alone,
That there is wisdom by the meadowed brooks,
And all the ages in a bit of stone.
They show us God in all the works of God,
As He forms worlds from billowing nothingness,
His living presence in a goldenrod—
Who walks with God will walk with nothing less,
Eternal friendship with God-seeing men,
What Haverfordian can be blind again.

ELIOT KAYS STONE, '05.

APPRAISAL

The world that seemed to love us, loved our youth.
Battered but yet unbroken we return.
Grateful for all your fragmentary truth
We have not found it needful to unlearn.

Over the dews of dawn the dust lies deep,
The world that loved our youth has turned aside
To worship Bigness; but the gods we keep—
The lonelier gods you gave us—still abide.

Now through the fog of dubious events
Above the voices that are never still
Your fragmentary wisdom looms immense
As a great tower on a quiet hill,

JOHN FRENCH WILSON, '10.

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BALLADE

Of old, it seemed conventional to say
 (Desiring our green homage to express)
"Our Mother's ancient head is growing gray,"
 Or, "Time hath silvered her with his caress."
But since ourselves the grizzling years confess
 We speak with more discretion on the tongue—
For it is we, O brothers, who senesce—
 Our Alma Mater is forever young.

Time, the great wind, has blown us far away;
 We have learned sorrow, failure, and duress;
And mirth and marvel; but in her, today,
 It is ourselves we see, in pristine dress—
Ideal selves, untarnished by distress,
 Assured and eager, and the nerve high strung—
So, in her art to dedicate and bless
 Our Alma Mater is forever young.

She bred us, boys of many mingled clay,
 And how we fare in upshot, none may guess:
Though some prove ace and king, some deuce and trey,
 She catered with just hand, none more, none less.
We also thought ourselves important—yes,
 The best for whom old Founders' bell had rung—
Therefore in laughter, precious to possess,
 Our Alma Mater is forever young.

Envoy

O Quaker lady—may I say, Princess?
 I sing thee as all cavaliers have sung!
Now, though we darken, do thee incandesce
 And be, carissima, forever young!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, '10.

THOMAS COCK, THE OLDEST DEAD
GRADUATE, SPEAKS

So, Tom, thee's entering Haverford this year,
A century after me! That's a long time,
And naturally I find it in my heart
To give thee now the benefit—what's that?
Thee wonders by what magic I am here?
To-morrow, perhaps, thee'll think thee dreamt it all;
Thee had a vision of a great-grandsire,
A squeaking, gibbering ghost (thee sees, my boy,
Even in the early days we knew some Shakespeare,
Sneaked it on the sly, for it was not allowed),
A gaffer ghost that muttered senile saws.
I know thy daddy would diagnose it thus;
He is that way—why, I remember him,
Cynical, even as a little tot,
About such certainties as strawberry jam;
Said it was made of carrots! . . . Well, I'm here,
Vision or fact, to talk of Haverford.

A hundred years! Long, as men count their lives;
But for man's wisdom, give me fifty years—
Old enough for experience, but not too old
For growth. After that, at least till eighty-odd,
Men shake their heads and feel a deep concern—
This poor old world is going to the dogs.
It's not the fact, of course, so thoughtful youth
Consigns old croakers to oblivion.
But colleges are different from men;
Fifty's too young. In Eighteen Eighty-Three—
Ask Isaac Sharpless—the little fledgling school
Had passed its youth and made its start in life,
But yet it still had arduous years ahead;
It had not settled to the surer stride
Of manhood. Now, well proved in the experience
Of a century, Haverford has found itself.

If thee could only see the whole, my boy,
With all its changes! Why, the new steam cars
On the old Columbia Road appeared to us
A revolution; and what a dizzy way
The old school had gone when, just before my death,
I came to see it and found electric lights
In Barclay Hall and Founders. Think of it,
After a half century of gas! But I

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Remember candles!

Old John Gummere,
Our principal, used to shake his head and wonder
What we were coming to, but wisely said,
"It's true, man cannot live in a changing world
Without some changing customs; only, boys,
Remember this: through all the sudden changes
Hold fast to truths which are unchangeable;
Don't be a weathercock—a compass rather!"
And now I see how wise the old man was,
For Haverford, changing wisely through the years,
But steering always towards a certain goal,
Has proved John Gummere's wisdom.

Still, when I

Was a young chap of sixty years or so,
Cynical like thy daddy, I confess
I could not see the virtue of the changes.
For soon they turned the old school to a college,
Though it wasn't really very different—
Just Greek and Latin, Mathematics, too,
Moral Philosophy, and Nature Study;
To me it seemed pretentious, little else.
To justify the name (or so I saw it—
The cynical resistance sixty has
Is past belief!) they introduced all sorts
Of modern sciences, psychology,
And Shakespeare and novels—and even Bernard Shaw!
And boys who were not members of the Meeting
Were soon admitted—well, thee knows the next:
That led to music, and to dancing parties!
Different enough now from the early school!
What language, too, the boys began to speak—
Slang and, I must add, naughty little words
Such as we thought it sinful even to think!
Why, "Crackey" and "*I tell thee*" were our worst oaths;
But I recall we had *one* case of swearing,
Though much provoked. A boy (I had kicked his shin
At noon recess, by accident, of course,
And he had retired to sit upon the stairs
And nurse his shin)—Well, meaning to be civil,
On seeing him there, I asked him how it was,
And he, still smarting: "Better, thank thee—damn thee!"
He spoke so loud that old John Gummere heard,
And, *I tell thee*, he got it! I've often wondered
What words he *thought* when he was getting it!

But there—I'm growing garrulous. Times change,
And with them manners. I believe these boys
Are better in every way than we—more honest,
Wiser, more self-dependent, more alert,
Fitter to take their part. If one's old enough,
Say an odd hundred years, one comes to learn
That things have not gone to the dogs—far from it!
In the long perspective of a century one sees
A steady march of progress, realizes
The problem stated and the problem solved.

So Tom, I'm glad thee has chosen Haverford.
How much I wish that I could take thy place!
I wonder if anything is as it was.
Of course, they don't require you modern boys
To stay in after dark, or to wear plain clothes.
I wonder if anyone in Fifth-Day Meeting
Reminds the young men weekly that the Devil
Is "like a roaring lion, seeking whom
He may devour." Ay, thee may laugh, like us
(For the weekly repetition drew our mirth);
But it's still as true as then—in the startling phrase
Of Henry Adams—a self-centered cynic,
But strangely wise at times—in his strong phrase:
The failure of Christianity roaring up
Out of Broadway. Think of these problems, Tom;
Talk them all out with Rufus Matthew Jones.

It worried me that thee was wavering
In favor of some other school, where thee
Might learn a trade. Thee thought thee'd try it out—
Just for a while—no harm, thee said, in trying,
In experiment. Well no, I daresay not;
Come down to that, all life's experiment:
We're fumbling and half-guessing as we go.
And that reminds me of old William Dennis,
Our Greek instructor, who would often say,
"Just guess the meaning, boy," and then, one time,
When a fellow, guessing wildly, stirred his wrath,
And the boy, provoked to lame defence, replied,
"I think thee told us that we were to guess,
That something is more than nothing," the teacher cried:
"Ay, guess, but guess *intelligently*. Thy guess
Is *less* than nothing!" I shall never forget it:
Guess we must, but guess intelligently!

So Haverford, guessing wisely through the years,
Has met and passed her test—the two great tests

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Where, as I see it, countless schools have failed.
First, she has steadily refused to win
Favor by teaching how to earn a living—
A necessary evil in this vale
Of tears, but not the office of a college.
I think I know what our Philosopher,
Old Daniel Smith, would have said, if such a change
Had been proposed; I think he would have said:
"True education, both for this world and the next,
Is the discipline which comes from seeking Truth;
Its benefit lies, not greatly in mere knowledge,
Whether of trades or books, but in the process,
In purification of the mind and heart."
And second, in these latter years, when sport
Has grown a business and on every side
Stadiums spring up like salesmen, Haverford
Has ever kept its counsel clear, has said
In no mistaken terms: "This is a college;
Here sport shall be just sport—a recreation;
All brainless bruisers try some other door!"
No mean achievement, in these latter years,
When size and noise and popular applause
Win many colleges to sell their birthright.

And so, with a full century behind,
Its test surmounted and its temper true,
Haverford, settled to the surer stride
Of manhood, sets its face one way—the way
Confirmed by practice in the search for Truth.

I'm glad thee has chosen Haverford, my boy;
Go there—and learn to guess intelligently.

WALTER S. HINCHMAN, 1900.

THE Alumni Dinner held during the celebration of the Centenary was attended by the largest number of Haverfordians ever gathered for such a festivity.

As a special feature ladies were invited to dine in an adjacent room and to join the gentlemen for the after-dinner speeches.

CENTENARY DINNER

HAVERFORD COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Saturday, October 7, 1933, at 7 o'clock

The Haverford College Alumni Association Centenary Dinner was formally opened, in the ballroom of the Penn Athletic Club, Philadelphia, by the Alumni Association President, Alexander C. Wood, Jr., '02, who called upon Dr. Rufus M. Jones to ask the Divine blessing.

Dr. Rufus M. Jones: Our Father, we ask Thy blessing upon this fellowship tonight. We pray that Thy grace and Thy benediction may be with us as we join in our friendly greetings and as we pledge ourselves anew to the great tasks of the future.

In Christ's Name we ask it. Amen.

As the Dinner progressed, various selections were rendered by the College Glee Club and the Orchestra.

President Wood: May I have your attention for a moment? Elliott Field, Class of '97, has written a new song, our Centenary March Song, entitled "Hail to Alma Mater." The Orchestra will now play it. (*Applause.*)

President Wood: May I have your attention again, please? I received, a few moments ago, a telegram which reads as follows:

"Appreciate your invitation on Haverford's Hundredth Anniversary and send best wishes for the years to come."
Signed Leonard C. Ashton, President Swarthmore Club of Philadelphia.

(*Applause.*)

And now, gentlemen, I will introduce to you at this time Mr. J. Stogdell Stokes, Class of '89, who has a matter which he wishes to present to you. Mr. Stokes. (*Applause.*)

Mr. J. Stogdell Stokes: Gentlemen, we are approaching the end of a perfect day and it is not the weather alone that has been perfect; I want to assure you that a whole lot of work has been done by various committees on this Centenary Day. The Committee of the Alumni, the Committee of the Board of Managers and the Committee of the Faculty have all been working; but it is not that, particularly, that I want to call to your attention but to two men in particular who stepped out and did a grand job for Haverford. First, Mr. Kerbaugh, as the Chairman of the Alumni Committee and, second, Mr. Wills. I want to refer at this time particularly to Mr. Wills. (*Much applause.*) Mr. Wills did a most unusual piece of work for Haverford; spent practically four months of his time working, almost day and night. We intended, originally, to have some men from the John Price Jones Corporation to give us professional advice, but when we got acquainted with Mr. Wills' capacity, we no longer thought of John Price Jones Company—in fact, I think they had better get him to run them. He has done a splendid piece of work and I cannot praise him enough. To express our feeling for him, we want to present Mr. Wills with a little token of appreciation. On the bottom of this silver bowl we have had inscribed—

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Voice from rear: How much money do you want? (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Stokes: Let you know later. (*Laughter.*) On the bottom of this gift we have had inscribed—

To Mr. William M. Wills, '04
With appreciation for his able
contribution to the success of the
One Hundredth Birthday Celebration
of Haverford College
From his associates on the
Centenary Committee
October 7, 1933

Now, in selecting a gift we tried to get something which would be useful; we wanted him to have something he could use and have with him continually the thoughts that we have for him.

I would now like the candidate for the Silver Degree to step forward.

Hearty applause greeted Mr. Wills' acceptance of the gift.

Mr. Sigmund Spaeth, '05: Gentlemen, you all seem to be in a singing mood at the moment, so let us see if we can warm up on a few of the old Haverford songs. We've got the Glee Club here and Bill Benz at the piano, but you do your part.

Everybody, now, come on, let's hit it.

The Association joins with the Glee Club in the singing of "For Haverford," "Boys, Again We Are Here," "When on the College Campus," and "Haverford, Our Hearts Shall Swell."

The Ladies, at the completion of their Dinner, served in the Locust Room, adjourned to the gallery of the Ball Room. The Alumni rise and applaud as the ladies enter the gallery.

President Wood: Gentlemen, may I ask that we all be seated.

Fellow Alumni, Friends of Haverford:

"Young is our mother still, and very fair
To all her sons, who love and serve
her yet,

Now that the kindly hand of time
hath set

Her forehead with a wreath of silver
hair."

It was twenty-five years ago, on the occasion of Haverford's Seventy-fifth Anniversary, that John French Wilson, then an undergraduate in the Class of 1910, wrote these lines, and they are as appropriate, and ring as true, today as they did then. For contrary to most human experience, this Haverford, this alma mater of ours, grows in beauty and dignity and power as the years multiply.

Upon a certain occasion an essayist seized his pencil—or, shall I say, her pencil — and, opening her scroll she dashed off this extraordinary thought—"In the bright lexicon of youth, there appears no such word as f-a-l-e." (*Laughter.*) Unconsciously she spelt the literal truth. She was gifted with what Mr. Dornford Yates has been pleased to call—"That singular clarity of intellect which never fails to recognize the obvious." (*Laughter.*)

However it may be, there was certainly no such word as fail in the lexicon of the Founders who presided over the youth of Haverford; of anxiety and struggle there was plenty, but fail—never!

It is characteristic of men, I think, that they tend to miss the significance of a great moment through which they may be passing, until the perspective of time has clarified their vision. It is my wish for us that we may recognize and realize to the full the significance of this moment, which is even now passing over us, with its rushing wings, this moment which marks the conclusion, the end of

a century for Haverford, a century filled with great achievement, this moment which marks the threshold of a new century for Haverford—Haverford, with a superlatively fine program for education, destined to be a beacon light to guide the lives of young men who are to come.

Writing in prose, having almost the cadence of poetry, Matthew Arnold begins his Essay on Emerson thus:

“Forty years ago, when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, voices were in the air there, which haunt my memory still. Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices. They are a possession to him forever.”

Now, whether we were undergraduates at Haverford forty, thirty, twenty, ten years ago, makes no difference; voices from those years are ringing in our memories tonight, voices of great loved teachers—some now hushed, many I am thankful to say, still vibrant with power—voices of great teachers, who patiently led us through the devious ways of our undergraduate courses and, finally, set our feet firmly on paths leading into pleasant country, where we might go firm and strong in the inspiration of what they had given us.

But we would not be true to the trust of these teachers if we looked merely back, down the paths of memory, and said: “Do you remember?” If what they have given us is worth anything, it should point us strongly and vigorously on into the mists of the uncertain future—a future uncertain enough, as we all realize. And in connection with that, I have thought of the lines of Tennyson, written almost at the close of his life, in which he said—

“When the dawn hour clothed in black,
Brings the dreams about my bed,
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,
To the lowland ways behind me
And the sunlight that is gone;

Call me, rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me,
On, and always on.”

And to the inspiration and to the thought of that call, I hope that we of the Haverford Alumni may hear, and now dedicate ourselves, as the hour glass turns and the sands of the new century begin to run.

Applause

For four generations, in fact from the very beginnings of the College, Haverford has revered the name of Gummere. Scarcely a year has passed since the College was founded when, either in teaching or in managerial capacity, some member of this family—and that comes right up to the very present day—has not been serving the Institution. But to many of us here—I should say most of us here—the name of Professor Francis B. Gummere is synonymous of all that is best in the cultural life of our College. (*Applause.*) And we can never forget those wonderful hours over in Chase Hall when we sat at the feet of that great teacher, while he gave us Shakespeare or Milton, or Chaucer, or Goethe, or, possibly, best of all, his own particular specialty, the British Ballads. Do you remember how, all aflame with his subject, he used to come down from his desk and stride up and down the room in front of us reciting, in that splendid sonorous voice of his—“High upon highlands and low upon tae, Bonny George Campbell rode out on a day. Saddled and bridled

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and gallantly rode he; hame came his guid horse but never came he."

No, we can never forget those hours, and it is fine to think that that great teaching tradition is being carried on so brilliantly by his son, the Headmaster of Penn Charter School. This is the gentleman who is to be our Toastmaster this evening, and I have the honor and the very keen pleasure of presenting to you my classmate and well-loved friend, Richard M. Gummere.

Much Applause

Richard M. Gummere, '02 — Toastmaster: Mr. President, Mr. President, Adopted Alumnae of Haverford College and Alumni of Haverford College: I can't do justice to the honor that has been done me in putting me in this position. I feel it a great pleasure to obey my master's voice—and you can follow the parallel of that little illustration so far as you like—(*laughter*)—I feel it a great honor to obey my master's voice, as many of us in this room obeyed it on the Cricket Field years ago. It was short, sharp, decisive, genial and effective, as anybody who reads the record of Alec Wood's Team and Alec Wood himself will understand. (*Applause.*)

I am also delighted to see so many people here to enjoy this program which the Alumni Committee has arranged. How the program will turn out, one never knows. The subjects that the speakers have adopted may be subject to slight changes, but these speakers are all men who have something excellent and worth while on their minds. They are men who are ready to turn to any subject that is of interest to us.

The late Frank R. Stockton was disappointed in the returns which came to him from his writings and so he started

a poultry farm, and he named each one of the inhabitants of the poultry farm after a literary friend of his. His literary friends used to drop in to see him and look over the poultry farm and see how it was getting along, and one of the little inhabitants was named Sarah Orne Jewett, after the famous New England story-teller, and Miss Jewett herself happened along and said, "Well, Frank, how's little Sarah Orne Jewett?" "I'm awfully sorry," he said, "to tell you that little Sarah Orne Jewett is Thomas Bailey Aldrich." (*Laughter.*)

I don't want to take too long because a toastmaster should be seen—and even at that, as little as possible—and heard as little as possible, but I should like to make an attempt, for just a moment, to define the Haverford spirit. I want to leave my bones whitening along the trail of those who have made the attempt in the past, and another speaker, who will come later, will make it very clear that he has not left his bones whitening on the trail but has attained his goal.

The Haverford spirit seems to me something that is found on a ground swell, or some people have called it a ground rent of good Quakerism, (*laughter*) and perhaps some cricket, where the pleasure in watching a Haverford cut or a Hinchman hook is much more important than the results of the game, as testified by the noise in the bleachers. The Haverford spirit is the spirit that takes a little humor always with its seriousness.

A very beloved Haverford physician was working in France at a critical time and one of his young assistants wrote back and, instead of saying what wonderful work he was doing—which we all knew—he said: "Jimmie is taking the

tonsils out of everything on the Marne.”
(*Laughter.*)

And another characteristic of Haverford is being perfectly willing to let things develop a little differently from what you expected and using your own judgment. There was a colored soldier who was talking to another in an army camp and he said—“I don’t see why we’ve got to go over dere; why don’t we wait until dem Germans come over to us? I don’t like fightin’ nohow. Dey can send me over but dey can’t make me fight.”

His friend said, “Well, now, Moses, mebbe you’re mistaken; mebbe dey can’t make you fight, but dey can send you over and put you up where da fightin’ is and den you can use your own judgment.” (*Laughter.*)

Now, we have some very interesting speakers and for me to continue any longer would be sheer cruelty. I want merely to close with an idea that is in a serious vein — nowhere near as adequately expressed as our President has expressed it—Calais was written in the heart of Queen Mary. Sir Walter Scott had his sickbed moved a little nearer to the river so he could hear the murmur of the Tweed, which he loved. Old General Beecher, of Ohio, who is called the Black Prince of Ohio Politics, was asked, toward his last minutes, by his friend, Senator Ewing, what last favor he would like to have done him and he said—“Open the west windows so that I can see the green fields again.”

Now, everybody has in his heart a secret that is sacred, but I’ll warrant that when we come to such a time, and when the last recitation is nearing its close, we’ll babble of green fields and the fields of Haverford. (*Applause.*)

The Class of 1881 holds the record for the largest proportion of those who attended the fiftieth anniversary and, I believe, also the record of longevity in survivors for the farthest back in proportion of any Haverford class. Our first speaker exemplifies, it seems to me, two things—the all-aroundness of the Haverfordian, the person who, as President Sharpless said some years ago, “Ought to know how to employ his leisure and take a serious interest in the affairs of the world,” which always seemed to me to be a pretty good definition of a good Haverfordian. This gentleman has touched life at many points—educator, banker, insurance director, in public service of various kinds, Director of Charities, Colonel, trustee of three colleges, Scout Commissioner and member of three historical associations. As a former Haverfordian editor, he exemplifies a thought which has also occurred to me, that perhaps the working on a college paper is as good an extra curriculum preparation for after life as anything I know.

We are delighted to have him here with us and we welcome with all the honors, William Allen Blair, of the Class of 1881.

Applause

Mr. William A. Blair, '81: Mr. Toastmaster, I am not accustomed to speak with notes, and I am thinking of a negro funeral we recently had in Winston Salem. He was a most disreputable negro, had served time on the roads, in the penitentiary and everywhere else; and at his funeral the good Minister thought that he ought to speak well of him so he told of all that he had accomplished in his life and the weeping widow turned to her son and said, “Moses, you go up there and look in dat

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coffin; is dat Daddy he's talkin' 'bout?"
(*Laughter.*)

Happy in the fellowship of kindred souls, filled with zeal and ardour unrestrained, exulting in this College, as she stands today in her matchless past, rejoicing in the richness of her blessed career, and of the future confident and sure; proud of our honored President, our Board and Faculty as well, we meet tonight to see a century plant burst into its first fair and beauteous bloom. Like Paul at Apia Forum, we reverently pause, thank God and fresh courage take.

One hundred years, a century, is not so long in the world's history. Napoleon thought he saw some forty of them, in admiration looking down from ancient pyramids on his great army, bronzed by Italian sun and tanned by ocean breeze. But for a nation, an institution and sometimes for a life, such birthday is important, precious and noteworthy, too. Even Chicago recognizes this and joins her Century of Progress along with ours.

Applause

The hundred years just past has seen the whole world change, and far smaller, if not better grown. With electricity, wireless, radio and all the rest, men now march or fly like conquering heroes around the world, annihilating time and space. When first I on to this campus came, it required a full night and day by train; by trains, which now rush through in less than half the time; but two or three short hours will bring me here through the air. Some students then, I am told—they are not present here tonight — seemed quite content to jog along at easy pace, on a well-groomed pony, bought at Leary's second-hand, or borrowed from a friend in own or upper class. But now they are by no means

content unless they fly in swift auto car or by far swifter plane.

Yes, all things have changed, and must change to something new and something strange, and many of these changes we have seen. Buildings added here and there, and shrubs and trees and walks and lawns. But old Founders Hall, called The College in Barclay's dawning days, still stands, thank God; somewhat rude in her simplicity, perhaps, of stuccoed stone and cope so plain, not a friendly drab, 'tis true but of what seemed, to our jaundiced eyes, a golden lustre, rich and blazoned with a yellow hue, that well known primrose color by the river's brim.

The years fall lightly, gently, on her face, and if her walls could only speak what wondrous tales they could unfold, fraught with a thousand tender memories of the dear departed past: some sad, some gay, and many thrilling with valor and bravery. Venerable monument, against whose walls the ivy clings, whose every stone and step and porch and noble cupola and even Golgotha, irreverently so-called, are eloquent of the prayers, the hopes and the visions of those who builded better than they knew—a beacon kindling from afar, our light of love and thinking faith, a beacon light to cheer and guide.

And then, Alumni Hall, in part at least a monument to Thomas Kimber's name and fame, a shrine, a medicine chest to souls whose learning is inhaled from the mummied authors shelved around. Its architecture is too pagan and too worldly a style as some did think, too like a rigid, formal Gothic Church. Beloved Uncle Allen Thomas, of our day, so liked to tell of that good lady dear, whom he saw in the chapel, lovely as an angel's dream, but with much concern inquired

when and why the College had been sold and how long since the Episcopalians had taken it in ownership and charge.

(Laughter.)

Here did repose—and, I imagine, does today—that sweet swan of Avon, mellifluous Shakespeare, who first entered here in '71, unable to pass the tests before that date and when at last he came it was with the faculty's loath and slow consent and then only through a library the Athenians had. But above all this and better far, are near some twenty volumes each of the brilliant and immortal bud of effort, fame and that sparkling atheneum gem of purest rays serene. These societies, born some fourscore years ago, gave the Managers—dear old Friends—much trouble and concern. Secret Societies, they were called, mysterious as the sea, with ceremony and pomp, perhaps with ritual, thorn and shawl. And what had Friends, or sons of Friends, to do with pagan rites like these?

For Barclay no apology do we bring, and if we did, should hardly write it in classic Latin, as did the scholarly Scotch Robert, some two centuries and more ago. This Elizabethan Gothic Hall entered the College in 77's far-off day, with our good class,—and hasn't graduated yet. Gracing the old cricket field, she stands in all her six and fifty years of fame, though at her coming it was said a crease was spoiled, good as water ever welled, and questionable building only in its place acquired.

When Barclay entered—to say nothing of our class—a new day had dawned. Old ways and ancient rules now passed away, save only that that retiring hour of ten remained. The yoke was always supported then, but, sometimes, so I've

heard, a blanket or a coat might find a proper resting place o'er window and o'er transom glass, so great was the concern that no professor might be distracted in his deep study and research, nor in his devout devotions be disturbed. Then, too, could earnest students for wisdom and for understanding seek and deeply drink from Pieria's famous spring. But I wonder, oh, I wonder if, sometimes, behind those darkening panes, at the witching hour of night when churchyards yawn, at least some heritage of the dim and distant past, now gone glimmering through the things that were, might not have come down even unto Barclay's new and modern time. For wasn't it good Richard Wood, of '52, who so naively told about displacements, swift and rapid even in his day, of bits of pasteboard, rectangular in their shape, upon them strange and colored figures, far from common geometric form, and some adorned with pictures, none of which seemed to be copies exact of early and well-known friends.

However, no authority that I found thus far can e'en suggest faintly as visions in a dream that the colors we so proudly wear were copied from such pasteboard prints, for if, perchance, the sky seems less rich and bright, the sable black is surely plain and orthodox enough.

But we digress, and only wish that words were at our command to tell what now fills both heart and mind. For none can fully weave the sunlit story of our alma mater's past nor, you will agree, speak commensurate with the richness of our blessed career, honored, respected, praised, throughout the land by schools and colleges and by those who know, faithful as Hesperus who leads the sun, with no ignoble memory in the pathway

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of her fame. This College, with Browning, anointed surely as David ever was, seems to say: "Grow old along with me; the best is yet to be." And, as age does not endow all things with strength and virtue, nor are all new things to be despised, with Lowell she must surely sing—

"New occasions seek new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth."

Greatness and largeness do not all mean the same thing, though not a few fall down and worship size alone. I have heard a college boast of the many thousands gathered there, and not of the values beside. Perhaps, like Pope, it lists in numbers, for the numbers came.

With officers and management such as we have and have had, with chosen students and honored men, sound in body, mind and heart, trained in class room and not by campus alone, with endowment ample, full, with faculty the strongest to be had—for eagles only should teach eaglets how to fly—a place where college bred means more than a four-year loaf—her illustrious future will be well assured.

In this sweet sacred hour, shedding its charm of beauty like that girdle that favored Cytherea wore, who can fail to see her and link with this moment that last scene of the final act of that greatest of all legal dramas, enacted before the Supreme Court of the United States. We see Chief Justices Marshall, Storey and all the rest spellbound and fastening an unbroken gaze upon the speaker's solemn, earnest face—"This, sir, is my case," in quivering voice great Daniel Webster said, as unbidden tears coursed down his cheek. Recovering, he added

but a few words more, among them one more great sentence which we all adopt and make our own tonight—

"It is, sir, as I have said, a small college;
But there are those that love it."

Hail, hundred-year young Alma Mater, with your fine and famous past; all hail her as she stands on this, her natal day; thrice hail the glorious Haverford that shall be, for the Lord of the Siegfried takes care of his own and the world shall it reap what our swords have sown.

Much Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: There are three conceptions of an Oxford man that I have heard of. One is of the rather disillusioned young man who said, "There is nothing new and there is nothing true, and what of it?" And the second is the Oxford type to which President Wood referred a moment ago, of poetic inspiration and romantic beauty and lost causes and the call of the Middle Ages; and the third type of Oxford man of modern time with the W. E. A.—the Workers Education Association, and the rush of Oxford to supply young men to keep the British Empire going.

We have a young man with us, a former football captain of Haverford, a promising young lawyer, and one of the nine Rhodes Scholars whom Haverford has sent to Oxford—I think Haverford holds the proportionate record.

We know that in this three-minute (*laughter*) address from "Dusty" Rhoads, we shall get no dusty answer.

Applause

Owen Brooke Rhoads, '25: Mr. Toastmaster, Members of the Alumni body, and Guests: Your chairman has introduced me as a Haverfordian, a Rhodes

scholar and, I believe, although I was interrupted when he was introducing me, as a lawyer. I don't know—proud as most attorneys are of their profession—whether that word is a compliment in the minds of many of you laymen.

As to the word Rhodes Scholar, so many biographies of Cecil Rhodes have been published in the last year in which the author has made very unpleasant and very harsh criticisms of Rhodes scholars, that I am not certain at all how you men regard that term. If I may be allowed to read to you just a brief description of a Rhodes scholar, which one of the less harsh, I believe, biographers published this last year, it may give you some idea of why I have doubt as to that term.

This author describes a Rhodes scholar as—"This dutiful hero and moral exhibitionist, this cricketing paragon of muscular Christianity, has none of the splendor of some Greek or Renaissance imagining, but a close relationship to some common type of upper middle-class Victorian manhood; the server of mammon in the name of God, or the painfully earnest and misguided missionary."

(Laughter.)

I therefore ask that you pardon these impressions of a Haverfordian—and I would like to be considered as that alone—these impressions of a Haverfordian and the connections which Haverford and Oxford had to that Haverfordian.

First, one of the tangible relationships. Some of you who are familiar with Oxford, or have lived there, may have discovered as I did during my sight-seeing in the first three months. During that period of a person's stay in Oxford, you have the choice of either sight-seeing or of braving the chill of an

English room, and during the sight-seeing, which I preferred, I discovered in the great hall of Christ Church, on the east wall of that hall, among the portraits of the worthy sons of Christ Church a portrait of William Penn. On the bottom of that portrait there is a small plaque which announced that that portrait had been the gift of Haverford College. Oddly enough or, at least, it seemed strange to me, not that the gift of Haverford to Christ Church should have been a portrait of Penn so much as the fact that it was the portrait of the young Penn—in armor. *(Laughter.)*

One of the most vital relationships of Haverford and Oxford is the Haverford New College tradition. I believe that I can correctly say that it has reached the proportions of a tradition. Those of you who were at the Convocation Ceremony this morning heard our President link those two names, when he conferred on Mr. Morley an honorary degree—Mr. Morley, a son of Haverford and of New College. Practically every Haverfordian who has been a Rhodes scholar—I know of only one exception—has gone to New College, and there have been many non-Rhodes Haverfordians who have gone there. Last year there were three Haverfordians resident at New College, and you can appreciate, with the English reverence for tradition, that it makes it somewhat easier for an American who goes to a college there if there has been a tradition before him and all Haverfordians have gone, or practically all, have gone there and have been members of New College.

It is one of my most sincere wishes that in the future many Haverfordians, either as Rhodes scholars or as non-Rhodes men, may go to Oxford and may continue and perpetuate that tradition

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of Haverford and New College at Oxford.

Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: One of the most impressive things in James Truslow Adams' *Epic of America* is that chapter that, at its close, describes the songs of the different nations in Colonial America. "Tell me the songs of a nation and I'll tell you its history," said somebody. Now, I don't know whether we can apply that test exactly to the songs of America, but Sigmund Spaeth has come as close as anybody, I think, in recent years in interpreting the popular song and adapting it to the type of work that Adams and Mark Sullivan have portrayed for us so long.

Sigmund Spaeth is lurking behind that curtain; he is all ready with his *Tune Detective* and we welcome him with the greatest enthusiasm.

Applause

Sigmund Spaeth, '05: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I am leaning on the piano for both physical and moral support, and also because, as a *Tune Detective*, it is quite necessary to have a musical instrument. I hope you can all hear me, even without the aid of the microphone, and I will try to show you, as briefly as possible, just what a *Tune Detective* tries to do.

People ask me, "What is a *Tune Detective*, and why?" I can't quite tell you why, but I would like to make this much of an apology, perhaps a justification, for having assumed this rather curious role of a tune detective—that in tracing the popular music of our day, and, incidentally, you can trace a good deal of the classical music of the world to its lair, just as well, it may very often be possible for people to discover a really

good piece of music by the simple process of realizing that it has a good tune, a tune which they hear in some of the popular music of the day, which, of course, has been mostly borrowed from the past.

I still like to think of the man who said he knew only two tunes—one was *Yankee Doodle* — the other was not. (*Laughter.*) The important point is that he could recognize a tune of some sort and that is the real justification for a *Tune Detective*.

Now, let me give you just one or two little examples of how that works out. Some years ago I was attending a meeting, I think it was a Rotary Club meeting, up in New England, and they sang a song called "*Around the Corner.*" It was called a *Prosperity Song* in those days—"Around the Corner"—they're still singing it, and it's still around the corner; (*laughter*) and the chorus went something like this; (*Plays "Around the Corner."*)

Now the first time I listened to that tune, I wondered where I had heard it before, because every line had a familiar sound, and I think you can easily follow me through a little analysis of that song. For instance, that first line. (*Plays.*) Remember an old timer they used to sing, called "*Mister Dooley*"? Well, there's the first line. (*Plays.*) And the second line, (*plays*) get that? "*There are Smiles, That Make us Happy.*" (*Laughter.*) So he had two very good sources already. Then he repeats "*Mister Dooley,*" with a little variation. And this one is quite familiar (*plays*) the old Irish tune "*Arrah go on, You're only Fooling.*" (*Laughter.*) And the next line is very easy (*plays*) "*Here Comes the Bride,*"—nothing but the *Wedding March*, (*applause*) and the last line is

from our old friend, "Solomon Levi." (*Plays.*) (*Laughter and Applause.*)

Now you might be interested in knowing how that would sound, if you sang it through, so it would be something like this—(*sings*): "'Twas Mr. Dooley, —There are Smiles,—'Twas Mr. Dooley, —Arrah, go on,—Here Comes the Bride, —Here Comes the Bride,—For All the Boys, They Trade with me at a Hundred and Forty-nine." (*Much applause.*)

Now, not so long ago, I was listening to a song called "Going, Going, Gone"; it started up in Harlem, I believe, one of the best of the depression songs. (*Laughter.*) The tune started something like this (*plays*) and so, now, the minute I heard that tune, I was reminded of another depression song, called "I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you." (*Laughter.*) Now, as a matter of fact, both of those old tunes go back to all the Blue Songs of the world, such as the old "St. James Infirmary Blues," (*plays*) and the ancestor of the "St. James Infirmary Blues" was an old song called "Willie the Weeper." (*Sings.*) "Did you Ever Hear the Story of Willie the Weeper?" He was also the great grandfather of Minnie the Moocher and Winnie the Wailer, and quite a lot of others. (*Laughter.*) Back of all these Blue Songs is a very ancient Oriental scale, like this. (*Plays.*) Now, the moment you have heard that, you have heard the basis of a great many melodies, for instance Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slav," (*plays*) and Caesar Cui's "Orientale," with exactly the same tune in triple time. (*Plays.*) The Negro version is (*sings*) "Water Boy, Where are Yo' Hidin'?" and the ancient Jewish "Mazzueltoff"; (*laughter*) so you see one tune can take you quite far back into the past as you follow it up.

Last spring I wrote a little piece for the Haverford Record, in which I tried to follow up one or two of the tunes that Haverford songs have used, and I find that we have made pretty good choices, on the whole. I don't have to tell you that "Comrades" is a famous Canadian tune, "Soldiers of the Queen"—nowadays, of the King,—of course it can vary according to the circumstances (*laughter*) and that's also a good tune. And "Haverford, Our Hearts Shall Swell," of course, is the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which can be sung in quite a dignified way to the words by Julia Ward Howe, or "John Brown's Body," or "One Grasshopper Jumped Right Over," etc. (*Laughter.*) You can adapt it to any situation.

And the famous "Breakfast Song," for which I believe Ed. Evans, who is here tonight, wrote the words; that is an old folk song, a very pretty one. I don't remember the exact words; in fact, Ed. himself doesn't remember them. (*Laughter.*) And our song, "Haverford Forever," is the Harvard tune, "Our Director." But we have some original tunes written by Elliot Field, the "Football Song" and "Boys Again We Are Here," and the very fine "For Haverford." And, of course, Field has given us another tune for the Centenary, so we are well supplied with music of our own.

To me the most interesting of the Haverford songs is "Waukie Waukie Wau," which we used to sing "Swarthmore Had a Son." I just got the story from the Class of 1900—there were four men—Frank Eshleman, Tatnall, Moorehouse and Harry Drinker—who picked up that tune, and over a cup of tea (*laughter*) they concocted the words. Since first hearing the Waukie Wau

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Song at Haverford in the fall of 1901, I discovered, quite by accident, that it is a very old and honored college song, and appears in all the old college song books of the middle of the nineteenth century, called "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," and the chorus of that particular song was not "Waukie Waukie Wau," but "Ri touri louri lu." I think that "Waukie Waukie Wau" is an improvement on the whole. (*Laughter.*) I should have been glad to bring those words to you tonight, but, unfortunately, they are in "Read 'Em and Weep; the Songs You Forgot to Remember," and I couldn't find a single Haverfordian who had a copy of the book, so I'm afraid we will have to look that one up later.

Now, in conclusion, I'll give you just one more sample of a fairly new tune by my friend Irving Berlin. He has written a great many tunes, but they are not always entirely original. This one was called "Say It Isn't So," and the first time I heard it I said it wasn't so, but it was so. The fact of the matter is that it contains in its chorus at least six other tunes. For the start, Mr. Berlin used this little phrase. (*Plays.*) Now that little trill, that little decoration, is nothing but an embellishment, and has nothing to do with the tune. The tune itself is down here in the middle of the keyboard. Now for that start, he has two very good backgrounds, (*plays*) "Dancing in the Dark," and "Just a Gigolo." Then here is his next phrase, (*plays*) and there Mr. Berlin is borrowing, first of all from himself, because years ago he wrote a tune called "The Ragtime Violin," and there is the phrase which might also be traced to this, (*plays*) "Mighty Lak a Rose." I think you remember that one also.

Then, Mr. Berlin comes back again

to his "Dancing in the Dark" and "Just a Gigolo," (*plays*) and finally he reaches a climax with this phrase, which goes back to a song called "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss," and then with a touch of "April Showers," he ends with "Can't We Be Friends." (*Laughter.*)

In conclusion I'll show you how *that* chorus would sound with the original words sung throughout:

(*Sings*) "Dancing in the Dark, Dancing in the Dark, Fiddle up and play your Violin, but say it isn't so. Just a Gigolo, Just a Gigolo, Whispers that you're Growing tired of me, Say it isn't so. Dancing in the Dark, Dancing in the Dark, Sweetest Little Feller, everybody knows, he's Mighty Lak a Rose! Just a little Love, a little Kiss, and so the story ends with April Showers, Can't We Be Friends?" (*Laughter.*) (*Much applause.*)

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: Ladies and Gentlemen, with your permission, perhaps we might ask Mr. Spaeth later to do a little more. (*Applause.*)

The Class of 1902—I hate to be personal—elected a Class Poet who could write like a Milton or W. S. Gilbert or any of those cracks of verse. He is known to circulate, at Christmas time a little brotherly and cousinly poetry among those who are closely related to him. Some of this percolated out of the circle of his fireside into the hands of some of his friends and made a great impression on them. You may have noticed in the Haverford News' last two issues some poetry by Walter Hinchman, Harrison Hires, John Wilson, Elliott Stone and Bill Reitzel, especially written for this occasion. We are very grateful to those gentlemen for having sent us that excellent poetry which, by the

courtesy of the News, was printed there. We feel that this particular bard is no whit inferior to those five gentlemen who appeared in those pages. The minutes of the Board of Managers are about as likely to produce light verse as the 47th proposition of the first Book of Euclid is likely to produce a love story, (*laughter*) but I have searched the minutes of the Board of Managers and have not been able to find anything approaching what we hope to hear from this gentleman now. He's got his tunic on and something up his sleeve—if tunics have sleeves, which I don't believe they do—and, for better or verse, (*groans*) (*laughter*) he is going to give us something that I think is rich and rare. They say that good Yale men regard the last line of their College song as a climax—For God, for Country and for Yale! May I

introduce my friend and a friend of all of us with another climax:

On the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and the Department of International Law; Secretary to the Board of Managers and Class Poet in memory of the Class of 1902—Edward Wyatt Evans.

Applause

Edward W. Evans, '02: Fellow Alumni and Honored Guests: The task assigned to me this evening is a very simple one, it is, merely, to present to you a very brief literary production which has hitherto escaped publication. Even our greatest Literary Detective, Professor Hotson, has not been even remotely aware of its existence. It is a Literary Fantasy entitled "The Strange Interlude," or "College Days," or "Two Years Before He Passed," or "Bill the College Gardener." (*Laughter.*)

The scene is laid in the office of the President of Haverford College. Here, amid the tools of his trade, is seated Bill, the Gardener. A number of young students, applicants for admission to the College, are seen approaching. They knock and enter.

Students:

Kind Sir, is this the office of admissions?

Bill, the Gardener:

It is. Yet that is but a small
Part of our work, for, like St Paul,
We strive to be all things to all.
For some it is the office of admissions;
For others it's the office of conditions;
For others still the source of prohibitions;
For some it works eleventh hour contritions,
Forestalling exits to unknown perditions;
And some, because of certain slight omissions,
Are granted here their full passport permissions.

Students:

Oh, sir, we are shy and retiring,
Yet may we proceed by inquiring,
And by the inquiry no insult is meant—
Are you this College's President?

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Bill:

Why, yes, I answer to that name;
And others, too, I also claim.
In the catalogue you may see
I'm Ph. and LL.D.
Yet let me add, without a long recital,
That Bill, the Gardener, is my most descriptive title.

Students:

Bill, the Gardener! Oh, sir, do not spoof us,
We *might* believe you if your name were Rufus.
But the name of William Wistar
Is Aristocracy's own sister.
No William Wistar's hands, we know,
Were ever made to swing a hoe.
No William Wistar's feet were made
To wear their soles out on a spade.

Bill:

My lads, don't misconceive the truth.
I'm Bill, the Gardener, in sooth;
Yet no dirt-gardener am I;
In higher realms my trade I ply.
Others may till the soil unkind;
I cultivate the human mind,
And, working on the spirit's level,
In students' hearts uproot the devil.
Each student mind that comes my way,
Bearing its little crop of hay,
I view it as a garden plot;
And whenever I find a vacant lot—
As indeed I do, as oft as not—
I plant it with forget-me-not.
Heartsease is popular, but it's true
That heartsease oft-times bringeth rue.
For some who do not make the grade
The nightshade is a useful aid.
When mental soil no thought will hold,
My strong advice is marigold.
In that event, there is no tellin',
The lad may later cut a melon,
Of which, if we should treat him nice,
The College maybe'll get a slice.
Thus, through education's powers,
I nurture intellectual flowers.

Students:

You are inspiring, Gardener Bill;

Our vacant lots are yours to till.
But still we think this question for an answer cries;
Have you no partner in this noble enterprise?

Bill:

The answer's simple: I am Bill, the Gardener.
Oscar is my little partner.
Oscar used to grow the spinach,
But that's not done now west of Greenwich.
Today none but a Bolshevik
Would grow the spinach on his cheek.
Oscar's not that kind of trash;
He let the spinach go to smash;
He grows now only a moustache.
Bill and Oscar, Oscar and Bill,
We each our several parts fulfill.
I do the cultivating;
Oscar does the calculating.
I fertilize the growing blades;
Oscar, he records the grades.
I furnish intellectual frills;
Oscar, he sends out the bills.
I look wise behind my specs,
And pose as the tyrannus rex;
Oscar gathers in the checks.
Oscar, you will understand,
Is the best card in my hand.
This firm, without its little Oscar,
Would be helpless as a hoss-less hoss-car.
But now, my lads, you want to be admitted
To college, and to see if you are fitted,
I will give each one of you
A pleasant little interview.
For this I'll take you one by one.
Suppose I start with you, my son;
You others may be on the run.

*All the students, except one, withdraw, and when out of sight are heard singing,
as follows:*

He's the Haverford College President;
The Main Line's finest resident;
He runs the College without a spill,
He's a regular thousand dollar bill.
Underneath his shining dome
An A-1 intellect makes its home;
And the chambers of his thorax hold

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A heart of eighteen carat gold.
His manner at times may seem a bit chilly,
Yet whenever the road grows rough and hilly,
You'll get a lift from Uncle Billy.

Bill:

My lad, I'll now proceed with you.
To bring your knowledge into view
I'll ask some simple questions—just a few—
For you to answer quickly—as I'm sure you'll do.
What is the capital of Patagonia?
What was the origin of Begonia?
Mention the popular name of Aronia?
When did the Hebrews leave Babylonia?
What kind of meat do they use in Bolonia?
And what would you do, if while off in Esthonia,
Your mother-in-law should contract the pneumonia?

Student:

I knew all those things last December,
But at the moment can't remember.

Bill:

My boy, this has a very serious look.
I fear at school you did not love your book.

Student:

But, sir, of school boy athletes, I'm the cream;
I was star fullback on my prep school team.

Bill:

Hush, hush, my boy, such thoughts are devastating!
To such I say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"
But still I want to give you every chance;
Perhaps some other reason you'll advance
Why you should be admitted to our College,
Altho you are not very strong on knowledge.

Student:

One thing there is, though hardly worth the mention,
Which I, perhaps may draw to your attention.
I understand the Managers record
My father as a member of the Board.

Bill:

Ah! That is quite important;
I am glad you mentioned that.
It explains the situation
That exists beneath your hat.
And it spurs me in my efforts
To see what I can do

To get you into College,
And to keep you in it, too.
Yet the problem, it is delicate,
And I must seek advice.
I know where I can get it,
And get it in a trice.

For to end my hesitation,
And allay my perturbation,
And to point me quite correctly
To my proper destination,
My steps I always bend
To my counsellor and friend,
Morris Leeds, the President
Of the Haverford Corporation.
Enter Morris Leeds.

Morris:

William, I see thee has a nut to crack;
Hand it to me; I'll lay it on its back.
I have a mind expressly made to think.
Questions and problems are my meat and drink.
Hand me a question, hand me a problem,
Watch me smile and simply gobble 'em.
My judgment is impeccable;
My conclusions quite unwreckable.
So, William, in thy friend confide,
And let me be thy trusted guide.

Bill:

Morris, I can quickly tell,
And put the case in a nut shell;
Beefy boy makes application
To assume a college station;
Football star,
Famed afar;
Rather static
In the attic;
Manager's son;
What's to be done?

Morris:

For us to decide so important a case
Would be, I think, William, somewhat out of place.
We'll draw up a statement, the facts we'll record,
And the matter we'll lay before the whole Board.
They summon the Board of Managers.
Enter the members of the Board.

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Managers:

We are the Haverford Board of Managers;
All as brilliant as scarlet tanagers.
We're business successes, professional stars,
Manufacturers, bankers and members of bars.
We really can't tell you all that we know,
We're supposed to be experts at raising the dough.
Of trade and of credit, which banks will not lend us—
Our knowledge of these things is simply stupendous.
And yet we'll admit, with shy hesitation,
We're a bit short on knowledge of high education;
Its problems we view with alarmed trepidation;
And whenever such problems seem headed our way,
We dodge them and look at each other and say;
"Leave that to William."

Morris:

I suggest that the thing for us to do
Is appoint a committee consisting of two;
And for that committee I wish to name
Two of our members well-known to fame—
And we all delight to honor the same—
For it seems to me,
And I'm sure you'll agree,
That the men to get us out of the wood
Are Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood.
Charles Rhoads and Henry Scattergood rise.

Charles and Henry:

We are Hoover's Indian twins;
At present we're "outs," but once we were "ins";
And what we have learned of political sins
Has sharpened our brains and toughened our skins.
At President Hoover's express command
We took the Indian tribes in hand.
We assuaged the griefs
Of the redskin chiefs,
And advanced the cause
Of the dusky squaws,
And ended abuses
Of little papooses.
We learned a lot of how things are done
In the beautiful city of Washington;
And we know the game that is played with tricks,
With slinging of mud and slamming of bricks,
That goes by the name of politics.
But how to admit a student to College

Is somewhat out of our field of knowledge.
A student in the distance is heard singing:

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still.
The shade of Isaac Sharpless
Came strolling down the hill.
A quizzical smile was on his lips;
A twinkle in his eye;
A large umbrella in his hand,
To keep his humor dry.
"I'm Father Isaac,"
Says he to me, says he,
"There's nary a Centenary,
But what they send for me."
Enter the shade of Isaac Sharpless.

Bill:

Welcome, Father Isaac, this is good, indeed!
I crave thy kindly counsel, thou art a friend in need.
My problem I will quickly tell
And put the case in a nut shell;
Beefy boy makes application;
To assume a college station;
Football star,
Famed afar;
Rather static
In the attic;
Manager's son;
What's to be done?

Father Isaac:

William, my boy, I consider it grand
That the College is prospering so under thy hand.
The standards of scholarship, which thee has raised,
By true educators are much to be praised.
But as friend to both thee and the College, may I,
Give thee this word of caution? "Dont raise 'em too high."
For Haverford men, to stand life's stress and strains,
We want something more than two-legged brains.
Take the lads who come here and with sound knowledge fill 'em,
With ideals and courage and will-power thrill 'em,
Make 'em work hard, of course, but my advice, Willum,
Is don't set a pace that is certain to kill 'em.
Now this boy may not be very strong on his books,
But he's probably not half as dumb as he looks.
Take him and train him and make him a man,

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Built all around on the Haverford plan,
And I'll make a guess, by the gods of Clitumnus,
That some day he'll be an upstanding Alumnus.

Prolonged Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: When we consider Russia in its political and business aspects, we always think of a book by a Haverfordian — William Henry Chamberlain, of the Class of '17, which is said by experts, as I have heard, to be one of the best and sanest studies of that puzzling country.

And when we wish to know something about Russian Art, we go to another Haverfordian, who was esteemed in his day as a member of the Class of 1892, a very deep and wide and profound reader. A loafer in the Class of '92—if there were loafers in that revered class—rushed in once to a group of boys who were playing euchre or hearts in some room in Barclay Hall, and said: "Gosh, boys, do you know what Dick Brinton's doing? He's over in the library reading Fisk's Cosmetic Philosophy."

(Laughter.)

This speaker whom we are welcoming now, has portrayed in prose, the art of his classmate, Maxfield Parrish, in "The Master of Make-Believe," which is as brilliant, I feel sure, as the work which he was surveying—a very brilliant pair of classmates. He is with us tonight and whether he talks to us on Russian Art, or Scandinavian Art or American Art, or anything else, he is very welcome in this audience for, above all, his main art is the art of backing Haverford—Christian Brinton, '92.

Applause

Christian Brinton, '92: President to the right of me, President to the left of me: *(laughter)* You are not going to hear anything particular about Russian

Art. That's all past. I know why I am beguiled to speak here this evening; it is because I was the most eccentric member of the most eccentric class that Haverford ever produced — the Class of '92.

Among other forms of distinction, under rather extenuating circumstances, that I received, was that of the liar's belt of Haverford College. *(Laughter.)* I was the greatest liar that had ever gone to Haverford College up until that time—and I understand that my record has never subsequently been approached. *(Laughter.)*

Now, this scheme was instigated by my own class, or this distinction, and adopted by the entire College but I want to say in mitigation that the rudimentary intellects of my day could not distinguish between mere lying and creative imagination. *(Applause.)*

Having disposed of the liar's belt, I want simply to mention that this liar's belt itself was meticulously designed and bound upon my slender waist by Maxfield Parrish. It was one of the greatest things that he ever achieved and, perhaps, the most realistic.

(Laughter.)

In addition to the distinction of the liar's belt, I was noted for my lack of direct approach to the abstract sciences, especially to mathematics and chemistry. The whimsical benign smile of Isaac Sharpless radiated many times into the corner where I sat at my gyrations in geometry. And the situation in geometry was duplicated by my exploits in the field of chemistry. As a

matter of fact, in these exact sciences I was a forerunner of the extreme relativity principle of Einstein. (*Laughter.*) Fellow Haverfordians, it got so bad that on one occasion, Lyman Beecher Hall went to Francis B. Gummere and asked what was the particular mental complaint that he thought Christian Brinton suffered from, to cause his extreme inability to absorb anything in the chemical line, (*laughter*) and Dr. Gummere said, "Well now, don't worry so much about him. He is really doing fairly well under me; he is at work on an original essay on Thomas Love Peacock." Dr. Hall, in order to assure himself of his ground, asked Dr. Gummere who Thomas Love Peacock was. Dr. Gummere replied, "Why, he was the author of Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbe." (*Laughter.*) Dr. Hall said, "Now that accounts for his attitude and his answers in the chemistry class." (*Laughter.*)

I am going to give you one more, and that bears upon the benign and wonderful figure of Professor Frank Morley. Years after I escaped with extreme difficulty from Haverford College, (*laughter*) I was lecturing at Johns Hopkins, on Art. In the audience I saw Frank Morley—I was very happy to notice that he was there. After the lecture he came up to me and I introduced him to some friends I had in Baltimore and I said, "I want to present to you my Professor of Mathematics, Frank Morley, who, although one of the three great mathematicians in the history of the world, was unable, in four years at Haverford College, to teach me any mathematics whatever." (*Laughter.*) Dr. Morley, with that humane and philosophic spirit which characterized him, put his hand on my shoulder and he said—"Ah well, you'll have to give me

the credit for not attempting to spoil a future art man." (*Laughter.*)

I could multiply these tales *ad infinitum*, but the episodes which I have given you are thoroughly characteristic and cast, I think, searching light upon part of my time at Haverford. But I want to give one explanation with regard to Maxfield Parrish, which I neglected to tell, about the liar's belt and chemistry. Maxfield Parrish, I want to confide to you, only succeeded in passing the chemistry examination because he removed chemistry from the field of science to the field of art, as you know by the wonderful chemistry which is in the College Library.

Through the mists of the intervening years, shine in wonderful light the tolerance, the perception of the eccentricities of a pupil such as I was. I feel that tonight I want to do one simple thing, I want to pay my full measured debt of gratitude to the faculty of Haverford College, from 1888 to 1892. I extend to them my admiration, my affection and my profound gratitude for having, as I know the College is now doing, perfected the type but preserved the individual.

Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: The Class of 1885 graduated twenty men. Being sometimes of a statistical disposition, I looked up their record and I noted in those twenty men one college president, two university professors, five school masters and three men of international prominence in chemistry, the classics and Divinity. With eleven out of twenty who plunged themselves into that terrible profession of teaching, I think this is a record for any class at Haverford.

The newspaper world thinks of the next speaker as the father of a great

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international hurdler, and also of a Davis Cup tennis player. The world of Haverford thinks of him as a Quaker preacher who upheld the hands of Herbert Hoover in Washington for many years. The scholarly world thinks of him as a brilliant translator of the fine prose of Homer's Iliad and Homer's Odyssey in the Lowe Classical series. What he wishes us to think of him I don't know, but I judge he would like us to call him what Dickens said was a compo on all of them.

It gives me a great pleasure to present Augustus T. Murray, of the class of '85.

Applause

Augustus T. Murray, '85: Mr. Chairman, President Comfort and Friends: The kind words of your toastmaster make me as expressive of my own view of the matter as an epitaph written by a great philanthropist who feared, after his death, the people would speak well of him, and he said simply—"Anthony Benezet was a poor creature, and through Divine Grace was enabled to know it." (*Laughter.*)

I find myself tonight in the position of much embarrassment. I picked up one of the new-fangled translations of the Bible and found that the old phrase—Worship the Lord in the Beauty of Holiness, was made to mean—Worship the Lord in your Sunday clothes and, after having been assured by all the worthies whom I approached on the question of costume for this function tonight and, being told that evening clothes would be quite out of place, I find myself, as it were, in mufti, with dinner coats to the right of me and dinner coats to the left of me, and the worst of it all is, it happens when we are seated, as it were, only a little lower than the angels. (*Applause.*)

I want to strike a somewhat new note in the symphony of love and praise of Haverford which we have heard on this memorable day, and to speak of the great debt I owe to Haverford in the preparation that it gave me for the life of scholarly pursuits. If there were time I should like to speak of the joys of the scholar's life, the joy of patient toil, the joy in the acquisition of truth, the joy of discovery.

But there isn't time for that. Instead, let me speak as illustrating the keen delight that those chosen ones who take up the profession of teaching have and that others have not. It was my privilege to learn my Greek under Seth Gifford, whom I loved and honored and whose recent death we so greatly deplore. I was introduced to the wider range of literary studies by Thomas Chase. I went from Haverford to Johns Hopkins and spent three years under the greatest of all American Hellenists, Basil L. Gildersleeve.

From the first of those I learned there was to be no success in my chosen field of work without mastering the elements of the language with which I was dealing. From the second, I learned that translation, appreciation, meant a good deal more than merely putting Greek and Latin words into English words. From the third I learned that there was no limit to the range to which the scholar might aspire, no limit to the joy of dealing with my chosen subject, seeking to interpret a language of unparalleled clarity and force, which was the vehicle to express a literature of singular beauty and singular power and enduring worth.

And I am sure that the debt I owe to those men can be expressed in very simple words, which I utter very sin-

cerely. If it is my lot in that better world that is to be, to meet my old teachers, I shall be glad to approach them, one and all, and clasp them by the hand and say, simply but earnestly—"I have kept the faith."

Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: I should like to acknowledge, at this point, the presence with us of the next oldest living graduate, so far as I know. John C. Thomas, of the Class of '61, was present today at the College but, I believe, was unable to be here tonight. We want to welcome very warmly the presence of John M. Zook, of the Class of '64.

Entire gathering stands in tribute to Mr. Zook.

Much Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: Through the mists of the years, ladies and gentlemen, I remember very well a little stocky figure, somewhere between two and three years old, in little kilts that bulged out like the skirts of a Greek soldier—you all know the illustration; and tied for safety with a rope to the porch of a summer cottage on the cliffs at Plymouth. This little boy was lassoed there by the family in order not to charge over the edge of the cliff. He would start with a run from the porch and bring up in a regular parabola, like a relative of his used to teach us at Haverford, but always prevented from getting to the edge of that magic cliff.

Ever since that day he has been trying to break the cord, the rope that ties us all to the commonplace, and inundate America with plenty of springs and fountains of happy laughter. We are delighted to have with us today a second

Dr. Morley, who has a Haverford Ode which he will read to us.

Applause

Christopher D. Morley, '10: I don't know why Dick thought it necessary to bring up these childish humiliations. (*Laughter.*) Unfortunately, they seem to be life-long—I still have the same trouble with my kilts; (*laughter*) but I am relieved to notice that Bill Comfort has the same trouble with his shirt front. (*Laughter—Applause.*) That was why I didn't take nearly so much to heart the humiliation Dr. Murray spoke of in regard to evening dress because, no matter how many appear in evening dress, I always know that Bill's shirt front is going to behave like that. (*Laughter.*)

However, in cultural matters, Alumni and Eavesdroppers, (*applause*) we do make progress. We now admit our ladies to the gallery, and we admit the faculty to a little table out by the exit. (*Laughter.*) Neither in our postures of galantry nor in our attitude toward scholarship have we always been quite impeccable, but as I say, now the faculty are admitted at the back and the ladies come to the gallery and we are making progress. Some day we will all be on the same floor, where we belong. (*Applause.*)

The Committee gave me a thankless task because, to come before a Haverford audience with a somewhat serious poem, embodying at least an attempt at thought, at a time like this is, I know, unwelcome and unseemly. So, therefore, before approaching the actual Centennial Ode—ah, o-d-e, (*laughter*)—the other will live a good bit longer (*laughter*)—I couldn't restrain, I couldn't refrain from a few stanzas of lighter verse. As a matter of fact, with unparalleled en-

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ergy I wrote three poems for this occasion, feeling it could only be approached from three points of view—(a) The frankly jocular; (b) The somewhat more somber, and (c) The completely sentimental. One of these, however, I am going to omit and I will leave you to

guess, after I have finished, which one it was. (*Laughter.*)

I have no title for the first one, but in deference to "Bill, the Gardener" I called it "*On se moque de ce qu'on aime*," and many of you will know what that means. (*Laughter.*)

About a hundred years ago
Some worthies—whom we'll call the Planners—
Desired good Quaker lads to know
More books, more morals, and more manners.
According to their estimate, some forty thousand dollars
Would adequately civilize these Philadelphia scholars.

They wrote the *Outlines of a Plan*
By which "a guarded education"
Would shield the adolescent man
From all corrupt communication;
And, ancestors of some of you, I add that their intent
Was also modest profit—they suggested five per cent.

They gave the boys more work than play
And not much time for games or joshing;
"The evening of the Seventh Day,"
They said, "is set apart for washing."
Plain Founders was their only hall and Spartan was the plumbing,
But see from lowly origins the culture up and coming.

I shan't retell the good old tale
Of days that very nearly wrecked us—
The five per cent was unearned kale
Except in terms of the prospectus;
But when the pupils studied hard, and wrote a hand not scrawly,
They had a treat—they read aloud the new book by Macaulay.

Departing from the simple style
The architects tried something steeper;
They built a massive Gothic pile,
Then tried to cover it with creeper.
They named it for the Apologist, and well might Barclay wince—
Aesthetic men have been apologizing ever since.

Indeed the finer arts were mute
Beneath the Board's disapprobation,
Dave Bispham had to take his lute
For practice, to the railroad station.

Our attitude toward the Muse was wintry and not summery,
But to redeem our childishness, she gave us F. B. Gummere.

Came Swarthmore, and then came Bryn Mawr,
And sometimes we have been high-hatted,
But faithful to our modest star
For our own wicket we have batted.
Her smallness, that abashed us once, now makes us all the prouder;
We would not hear her half so well if her voice were louder.

But even Haverfordians grow
Numerically so much greater
It needs a world wide chart to show
The scattered sons of Alma Mater.
I hear the Dean, that waggish chap, say "Look at it, and come nigh—
See all those pinheads on the map? Those are the Alumni."

P. S.—One day Monsieur Voltaire
Who had a great regard for Quakers
Said were it not for *mal de mer*
He'd move to Pennsylvania's acres.
We needed that clear mind and wit, but oceans made him ill—
As substitute we raised a Frenchman of our own—that's Bill!

The other one is in a little more serious vein, "Footnotes for a Centennial."

FOOTNOTES FOR A CENTENNIAL

Haverford College, 1833-1933

I.

Under the desk on which I wrote this poem
You'll find a lot of words I did not use.
I bought a basket into which to throw 'em,
Thinking this too ominous a time
To sentimentalize, or choose
The curlicues
Of overcurious rhyme.
A literary secret, justly guarded:
First stanzas usually should be discarded.

The poet has to prime his mind with words
To start some gush of meaning from the well
Of clear dark thought. Too often, as he knows,
Verse turns to blind man's buff; the bandaged wit
Grabbing the nearest syllables that fit;
He can foretell

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Youth-truth, first-thirst, crave, gave, or magic spell
Chiming with Founders' bell.
Rhyme leads us to what algebra called surds.
O for a poem with the quality of prose!
(This, perhaps, is it.)
So in our choice of stimulative words
I'll take an easy one, if you allow—
Perhaps a cruel one. The word is *Now*.

II.

To see life steadily and see it whole
Was once your earnest counsel. It was odd,
I've sometimes thought; such purview is the sole
Prerogative of madmen, or of God.
We've seen life most unsteadily; in part;
A thousand jigsaws, pattern still unguessed;
The colors not divided black and white
But blended with infinity of art—
Such casuistry, paradox and jest—
And beauty, that we thought would be so rare,
Why, beauty everywhere!
O, in despite
Of all your admonition to be wise
How often we have had to improvise
Our Wrong and Right.
Such heavy doors that turned on flimsy hinges,
No wonder that our moral sense had twinges.
Even Philosophy IV (a B from Rufus)
Or Philosophy V (a C from Ike)
Did not altogether armor-proof us
Campaigning for the Beautiful-and-Good
(Indeed they never promised that they would.)
And where was tender conscience, said to be our guide?
Perplexed we cried
"I don't even know just what I like."

III.

So it's more intricate—and much more fun—
Than we supposed. Reasonably I shun
The edge of self-destroying irony;
It would be too grotesque, the apostate son
To lecture you on his theology.
And, if you argue with a Quaker, he
Retreats with earnest face
Inside his carapace

Of inward certainty.
 Some of the ancient rituals have changed
 But God perhaps was unaware
 That they were ever there
 And does not know or care they have been rearranged.
 Science gives old riddles a new name
 But underneath, and still the same,
 Finds everything converging into one;
 Rejects the merely human,
 The hopes of man and woman,
 For waves of radiant energy so august
 We are not even dust.
 But whoever has humbly known
 Some worship of his own
 Has honor for all creeds. Each with a private prism
 Refracts the white glare of noon
 Into the colors that he needs for his own mysticism.
 Are not Enzyme and Hormone,
 Gods of the chemist, names to carve on stone?
 And which is truly the more deadly sin—
 Against the Holy Ghost, or against Vitamin?
 If I were talking to the undergraduate
 I should be more discreet. He thinks to question
 Too wantonly is a form of indigestion—
 Something bad you ate. It gets his goat, he's
 Unfamiliar with litotes,
 And he'll take
 Metaphors from William Blake
 That he wouldn't
 Accept from a fellow student.
 So, I'm also prudent:
 Most of my speculation on this topic, if you ask it,
 Went into the basket.

IV.

But what, I wonder, happened to that Now?
 That morning freshness on the brow
 Clear as a Wordsworth ode, frosty and sweet—
 Only a moment ago we were on our way to Chase Hall
 (The bell; the sudden crackle of many feet;
 The sparrows loud in ivy on the wall)
 To hear Old English Ballads—the best loved voice of all:
O where hae ye been, Lord Randal, my son?
O where hae ye been, my handsome young man?
I hae been to the wildwood; Mither mak' my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting, and fain wad lie down.

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That Now is become Then—
A faded paper and a crusted pen;
What can I tell you that will bring it here again?
The old red booklets for examination,
The gowns the seniors wore to Ethics recitation
Or blown behind them on the path to Fifth Day Meeting;
The dripping tunnel at the railroad station,
The clatter of our somewhat hasty eating;
The curious smell
At Founders' eastern entry,
Mixed of an old maid's parlor and a pantry;
Or Barclay when we called it Freshman Hell—
It was partitioned after,
To check the class of 1910's ill-conditioned laughter—
Barclay, whose lights went black in every pane
As we trudged upward from the midnight train
And went to bed by candle.
Or punts on Walton Field—exploding thud
Of ball on boot; the jerseys streaked with mud;
The smell of Dr. Babbitt's pistol on the track—
No; catalogues don't bring it back.
We've been to wildwood, like Lord Randal—
I fear we are poisoned, my handsome young men . . .

O yes, we are poisoned; with anxiety and haste,
With all the drugs and hurries of the world,
With noise and farce and wonder—and we love it!
You'd be surprised to know what toleration
The system can develop for that poison.
The vast uncaring comedy and confusion
Tries to smother or to disillusion
Everything worth while to think or write
Until you say to mind's quick molecules
Come on, you little fools—
Fight, team, fight!

This Now, the Now here with us, is our drug:
We're addicts; we must have it; more and more.
Give us this day our daily Now, we say;
Charge the hour with sharper sense of being.
Gods have no Present, Past, or Future; they are filled
With everlasting and inherent,
But man, the hopeful-willed, the son and parent,
Feels the pressure of that noble pain,
The suture in the brain, the aching seam
That joins his fact and dream.

And bids him build, decreeing
That what he has to lose, let others gain.

We've been to the wildwood, but we've not forgotten.
Boys become men:
Give them a Now to love and honor and uplift
When, O so swift,
Now becomes Then.

V.

A parable of purely local span
I see in Harry Carter, the good Yorkshireman,
Husband of our ample slopes of lawn.
In olden time (when you and I were nippers)
His grass cutter was drawn
By a horse, whose name I forget, in leather slippers.
But anonymous horse yields to the machine;
Comes the new mower, run by gasoline,
An engine of fierce clamor and ignition.
In Chase Hall, under gruelling tuition
(Probably Dr. Mustard's freshman Latin,
One of the toughest classes that we sat in)
Observe an anxious group, each nervous wight
Waiting the moment when he must recite.
But lo, outdoors, through drowsy gold of Spring
Our Harry rides the roaring reeking thing.
Diverted willingly from Latin, French,
Or Calculus, all mark the noise and stench,
And Harry, seeing signals of despair,
Chivalrously guides his machine there;
Uproar fills the academic air.
A blessing on thee, Harry;
Thou and thy mechanical charivari
Have sometimes given merciful postponement
To the numbskull's crisis of atonement,
And spared him for at least a minute
From opening his mind to show there's nothing in it.

A parable, I said—I think I meant
That though the noises of the loud event
And all the tohu-bohu subsequent
Outclamor quiet hours of classroom talk,
The loose-leaf note-books and the smell of chalk,
Yet, when the traffic fades away,
How clear those moments are in resumé—

Namooore of this, for Goddes dignitee

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You shout, with Chaucer's host.
I end it where I love it most,
By the old greenhouse arch, where once there grew
The roses that James Russell Lowell knew.
We need not be too humble in our cue,
We've roses still. I know one that will never shed:
The letter where John Keat's passion burned
Even the black ink tawny. He who has bled
Upon that branch of thorn, that paper rose,
He may have learned
More than the textbook knows,
More than the record shows.
A curious symbol, our old ruined arch;
It enters nothing, it stands empty to the air.
But through a door so open, men might march
To anywhere.
And though they never find the Golden Fleece,
And though they never live the Golden Age,
The purposes of peace
Are all their equipage.

Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: Though only with us for a short time, the next speaker went through his studies, took part in a great many activities and has followed out that habit in the business world since. He went to Harvard—that great and hospitable observer of many Haverfordians, to which habit President Angell this morning took a little exception.

Shipbuilding at Newburgh; trusteeship of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; economic management of the Empire State finance as State Senator, and chairman of the Committee have marked him among the New Yorkers as one who might be classed as an aider rather than as a raider. We should be very glad to have a few words from Senator Thomas C. Desmond, of the Class of 1908.

Applause

Thomas C. Desmond, '08: Toastmas-

ter Gummere, President Comfort, Fellow Haverfordians and Honored Guests: I appreciate very much indeed the friendly words of introduction of Toastmaster Gummere, and the privilege of speaking to you briefly.

Some of the preceding speakers know well that I have held them in affectionate regard and respectful admiration for these many years past, and I hope they won't mind, therefore, if I use some of them as living examples to point a moral in regard to something which I had in mind endeavoring to bring out anyway in the course of my remarks.

A comparatively small college such as Haverford has many advantages as compared with the great university. The fear is sometimes expressed that it may have at least one serious disadvantage in regard to the appearance in the small college, from time to time, of individuals with exceptional qualifications. Of

course, all students of human progress know that the development of civilization has come very largely from exceptional individuals, partly out of step with their times, of course, because they had a remarkable insight and were different, and different in a very proper degree from the current thought of that period. And those of us interested in the future must necessarily wish and cherish and foster in any educational institution such individuality.

I am a little lost how to describe them in expressing what I think is the occasional fear and the danger to which the management of any small college must also be aware at all times. I don't like to call them "occasional queer ducks"; I might better use the term that Christian Brinton so aptly used, calling them perhaps the individuals from whom it is difficult to distinguish at that time, possibly, as to whether they are mere liars or possessors of a creative imagination. At any rate, I don't fear too much any such thing in a college like Haverford because when these individuals do come up and, through their lack of conformity or otherwise may have some difficulty of appreciation in the small community of a comparatively small college, I think that, on the whole, the matter can always be handled by the more mature judgment and, perhaps, more sympathetic consideration of the members of the faculty, and I am all the more convinced that that possible defect, which is emphasized by so many who advocate the advantages of a great university as compared to a small college, need not very much be feared by a Haverford community, which has developed from time to time such striking individualists and consummate artists as well, as people whom we more affectionately know as

"Sig" Spaeth, Haverford, 1905, Christian Brinton, '92, and "Kit" Morley, Haverford, 1910. (*Applause.*)

The manifold events on this remarkable program of the last two days thrill us all. We have had the benefit of hearing a great many addresses, not only from fellow Haverfordians but from other distinguished guests. To me at least, however, the high point of this whole program was that extraordinary address, delivered at the Convocation Ceremony this morning, of President Comfort. (*Applause.*) Those of you who didn't have the privilege of hearing it in person may have read it in the edition this afternoon of the Haverford News. Others of you who didn't hear it, or who haven't read it as yet, I most earnestly commend that you read it at your very earliest opportunity. Indeed, may I express the hope that that address be put in permanent form and made available for all those interested in Haverford and its future welfare. I am speaking with what I hope is calm and deliberate judgment, Dr. Comfort, when I say that that address which you gave this morning is one of the most notable addresses ever given by any American College President. (*Applause.*)

In the closing paragraphs of his address this morning, President Comfort made brief reference to the distress he feels at the failure, with all our other modern improvements, of any real improvement in the all important art of human relations. That, my friends, is something that struck a very responsive chord in my own heart, because it is something to which I am addressing practically all of my time at present, particularly, of course, in my political activities and especially in my capacity

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as a member of the New York State Senate.

After leaving Haverford, I went on to Harvard, as the Toastmaster said, and later took my degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and until I retired from business a few years ago, I had devoted my entire life to applied science in engineering work. My friends, when we consider the achievements of modern science, what organized intelligence has done, and when, on the other hand, as some of us do, go back for inspiration—as all of us may well do from time to time—to the writings of Plato and Socrates and the study of the great Athenian democracies when there was such a flowering of civilization as perhaps the world has ever known, and we read then of the political ideals set forth at that time, all-illuminating, and when we consider how since the time of Plato and Socrates, such extraordinary developments have taken place as the development of the radio, the airplane, the railroads, the telephone and all the other extraordinary achievements, materialistic if you will, unknown at that time; and when we consider how, on the other hand, the art of human relations has hardly improved at all, we may well realize why that effort to improve the art of human relations represents such a present-day challenge.

How can it be done? We have had other democracies before. Some of us cherish the democratic institutions under which we live now; but they won't survive through materialistic developments only. There were democracies in the times of Athens, great democracies! They failed, and along came the Roman Republic—another real democracy—and it failed. It degenerated into the Roman Empire. Then came the Dark Ages, and

it is only within the last three or four hundred years that we have had, again, liberty and individual freedom, and the other blessings of democracy which we are now enjoying.

Who is to say that it will last, any more than the Athenian democracies lasted, or the Roman democracy of the Roman Republic lasted? Indeed, it will not last if present-day tendencies continue, which are fighting very much indeed the essentials of democracy now, and it will not continue until more thought is given to the further development of the art of human relations.

How can that be done? Some people say that there is no answer to it. Democracy cannot endure, that we must go on to some kind of despotism and, indeed, that is the answer given now by some of the great countries of modern civilization. There are others of us who hope, however, that it can continue if democracy is associated with broad education. And now I am coming to the point with special reference to Haverford which I wish the privilege of bringing particularly to your attention.

What kind of education shall that be? My friends, I am very loyal indeed to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; I give it a great deal of time, I am a member of its corporation, and I don't wish anything in my remarks at all to be construed as in any way disloyal to that splendid educational institution; but I can say that the education of that great technical school is not supplying now and, possibly, it can never supply the development of education of facts, plus character. It is something we would like to have but find it very difficult indeed to put into that great technical institution.

Let me call your attention also in say-

ing, again, that I am a very loyal graduate indeed of Harvard; to say what Harvard University is doing at this very time is coming back a little bit toward what Haverford has been carrying out for these many years past—the development of the so-called Lowell House Plan at Harvard University is nothing else indeed but an endeavor to answer some of the defects of that university's development as it has been developing and to give Harvard University students, if possible, some of the advantages of a small college education through the development of the House Plan with which you are familiar.

I come back, therefore, with the confident hope that the traditions which have been maintained for so many years at Haverford may, indeed, be the prevailing traditions in the hope for the future of this democracy, in associating democracy with full education—education not only of facts and not only of mental training, and the application of such facts, but above all the association of education with character, something that a small college like Haverford and other small colleges, by their very nature, are especially well qualified to do.

I noticed, when President Wood was speaking so eloquently and so movingly, a thrill went through all of you, it seemed, as it did go through me, when he mentioned the voices of the past. Voices of the past, indeed! Education for all; education plus education in character. I remember well when I came, as a Freshman to Haverford twenty-nine years ago, going to those daily classes in the morning, presided over by that wonderful voice, now unfortunately of the past, the voice of former President Isaac Sharpless, and I can remember, once, when he was telling us boys about and

defining aristocracy, and he said, "Here at Haverford we don't want to maintain any aristocracy of family and, most certainly, we do not wish to maintain any aristocracy of wealth. What we do desire to have here is an aristocracy of character and intellect. (*Applause.*)

That voice of the past has certainly been with me for these twenty-nine years past, as it has been with so many of you. What a hope it would be for the art of improving human relations, what a hope it would be for democracy in this country, or any other country of the world, if we should truly have a government and a people ruled by a real aristocracy of character and intellect.

Applause

Voices from the past, indeed! The voice of that great teacher, great scholar, Francis B. Gummere, comes to me, that great man who was eagerly sought after by other educational institutions, who could have chosen the foremost, largest educational institution in the land at which to teach, if he so desired, but he chose, instead, to do his life work here, at Haverford. That great man who taught English Literature as it should be taught, as an interpretation of life. Voices of the past, indeed. With profound influence on the character of all of us students, voices which time does not permit me give further detailed mention.

In closing, my friends, let me say that as we think of modern tendencies, as we think of modern needs, we may well be proud, all of us who belong to the Haverford family, whether we have contributed in a larger or a smaller degree, to the record of the past hundred years of Haverford achievement and we may associate with that pride for the past a confident hope that under the inspiring leadership of a great College President,

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Dr. Comfort, backed up as he himself will tell you he must be, by the enthusiastic, effective cooperation of Haverford alumni, we may well look forward to another century of happy usefulness for Haverford College, so dear to us all.

Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm afraid we must speed up the program a little bit. We want a word of welcome from one who corresponds with William Penn. William Penn, you know, made a treaty with the Indians, and afterward beat them at broad-jumping, according to the tradition. When Herbert Hoover wanted some men to handle the Indians in the right way, he picked out two Haverfordians, Charles Rhoads and Henry Scattergood, both Haverford athletes as well as Haverford statesmen.

We want now a word of welcome from one of those two men, and I call with great pleasure on J. Henry Scattergood, of the Class of '96.

Applause

J. Henry Scattergood, '96: Mr. Toastmaster, in our Centenary celebration we have had revived in our memories the purposes and ideals of the Founders, and also the inspiration of the great teachers and leaders who have developed the College. It is fitting, too, and, in fact, the day would not be complete without it, that tribute be paid to the outstanding financial benefactors,—it is possible in this brief review to name only a few out of the many donors — who have made possible Haverford's work and growth.

Haverford School, as it was at first, was started on funds raised from the sale of shares of \$100 each. Nearly \$44,000 was first subscribed in this way, by some hundred and twenty Friends,

and soon afterward this was increased to \$64,000. The two hundred acres were bought for \$17,865, and the early part of Founders Hall was erected.

Hard times and insufficient support caused the closing from 1845 to 1848. Then, as always throughout Haverford's history, Alumni support was forthcoming in the effort to raise, in 1846, a \$50,000 sustaining fund. Of this, the old scholars, who pledged themselves to raise \$50 each—raised \$10,000. One of them, Thomas Kimber, Jr., son of one of the Founders who was a Manager for thirty years, was chairman of a sub-committee and was especially active in enlisting support of Friends of New England and New York. George Howland, the Quaker whaler of New Bedford, gave \$10,000, which he later increased to \$13,500, at this very critical time. It is a surprise to us, perhaps, to know how much Haverford owes to New England and to New York. Josiah White, the founder of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co., and Richard D. Wood, of Philadelphia and Millville, New Jersey, each gave \$4,000, and the fund was completed by many other liberal gifts.

For twenty years this was the only general endowment fund, until in 1870, when a bequest of \$18,000 from the same Richard D. Wood was received. Later in the 70's and early 80's there came bequests from John Farnum, John M. Whitall, Sr., David Scull, Sr., Edward L. Scull and from Wistar Morris. These added about \$100,000.

For scholarships, Thomas P. Cope, Sr., had given in 1842, sixty shares of Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co. stock, this being the first endowment of any kind.

The first Library fund came in the 60's, largely due, again, to the work of Thomas Kimber, Jr., who was also the

most generous donor to Alumni Hall, the new home of the Library.

Barclay Hall, in 1876-1877, at a cost of \$83,000, marked the next great step forward in material growth. This came through the stimulus of President Thomas Chase, and the largest donor was Jacob P. Jones. This new dormitory made possible a significant growth in numbers in the College.

A real struggle for sufficient support was the regular order all through the 70's and 80's. Loyal and generous Managers made up deficits, year after year.

Hope for the future came in 1885 when upon the death of Jacob P. Jones, Quaker iron merchant of Philadelphia, it became known that in memory of his only son, Richard T. Jones, '63, who had died six years after graduation, he had named Haverford as the principal beneficiary of his large estate. It was not, however, until 1897 after his widow's death, that this materialized. Then nearly \$300,000 became available, and over the subsequent twenty-five years, his home farm near Overbrook, and other real estate, were gradually sold and brought nearly \$900,000. This, the greatest financial aid ever given to Haverford, has been one of the chief factors in making its development possible.

And second only to it was the wonderful series of gifts, mostly in the form of additional endowment, made by T. Wistar Brown, President of the Board for twenty-five years and a Manager for sixty-three years. He, too, began his greatest liberality after the death of his son, John Farnum Brown, who was drowned at Harvard the year after he had graduated at Haverford. Wistar Brown's gifts to Haverford totaled three-quarters of a million dollars. From these two great benefactors, Jacob P. Jones

and T. Wistar Brown, \$2,000,000—more than half of all Haverford's endowment, have come. It was these gifts, with President Sharpless' plans, aims, ideals and administration through his thirty years of presidency, that made possible the Haverford that we know today.

But there were also many other loyal helpers of Haverford, who carried the burden through the difficult years and also later. I have mentioned John Farnum, John M. Whitall, Sr., David Scull, Sr., and Wistar Morris. Then there were James Whitall and, later, his son, John M. Whitall, three generations in succession, David Scull, Jr., and Edward L. Scull, Phillip C. and John B. Garrett, Francis T. King, Charles Hartshorne, James Wood, Howard Comfort, father of President Comfort, Justus C. Strawbridge and, later, his son, Frederic H. Strawbridge, one of our Senior Managers today, Charles Roberts, in whose memory Roberts Hall and the Roberts Collections were given by his widow; Abram F. Huston, and Asa S. Wing.

Asa Wing was Treasurer from 1884, when the College was fifty-one years old, for thirty-two years—almost one-third of the century, and later was President of the Corporation for twelve years. He saw the endowment grow from one-quarter of a million, in 1884, to two and a half millions in 1916, and so wisely did he administer the great trusts that I have mentioned, as well as others, that to this day we are feeling the benefits of his careful investing. He likewise served our sister college of Bryn Mawr for many years. As Rufus Jones so well says in his admirable new history of Haverford—these friends were in very truth "builders behind the scenes."

And we must mention, too, Joseph E. Gillingham, Wm. P. Henszey, Clemen-

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tine Cope, Charles Hinchman, W. D. and E. W. L. Scull, children of Gideon Scull, '43, and Anna Yarnall, daughter of one of the Founders, Charles Yarnall, who acted as the first Secretary of the Board for thirty-four years.

Then in 1920 came the great alumni gifts of \$375,000, forming the Sharpless and Gummere Memorial Funds, and the General Education Board Fund of \$125,000.

Through the whole period of President Sharpless and of President Comfort, the college plant has kept growing—the gymnasium, enlargement of Founders Hall, Lloyd Hall, Roberts Hall, Chemical building, the Library enlargements, Morris Infirmary and Sharpless Hall, many of these being through alumni generosity. And in this Centenary program we already have the Hilles Laboratory, the gift of T. Allen Hilles, '70; the Strawbridge Observatory, the gift of the Strawbridge family; the new Lloyd Hall additions, gifts also of the Strawbridge family; of Walter C. Janney, of Morris E. Leeds, of members of the Morris family, and of many other Alumni; and we have the William Penn and Brinton Foundations, donated by many Friends. The whole plant represents in buildings a value of about \$2,000,000.

When to these great gifts, there may be added with the return of better times, the building of a much needed new Library building, and also the providing of a half million further endowment, we can then feel that Haverford's work and future are worthily assured.

Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: Within very recent times the undergraduates of Haverford have been tested but the Alumni have never been tested. We have

tonight three educational experts, Professor Heissmann, from the Record Office in London, Professor Lackwits, whose continental experience is very fast, and Mr. Brownschweig, who is intimately acquainted with all the details at Haverford. They will give us an intelligence test and they are now on the platform. Speak your best, gentlemen.

Applause

"Way Out Yonder in the Classroom"
(Eine schoene Haverford)

rendered with a Tyrolean touch by
Pundits Hotson, Lockwood and Brown.

Much Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: Gentlemen, Ladies, we must hear a word from the man who can take a left-hand shot at a golf ball, pull it way to the left, swing into the right with a slice and land in the middle of the fairway; one who can hold our attention with sermons for forty years that never let the eyelids of our soul or body droop, one who has written the history of Haverford and one who has been a friend and counselor to us all—Rufus.

Entire gathering stands and applauds.

Dr. Rufus M. Jones: If ever a man has a good right to call himself happy, I am the man that has a right to call himself happy. When I review the forty-one years that I have taught at Haverford, and consider the friendships I have made with those who have formed the long succession of these classes, I know that I have every right to be called happy.

With the exception of a very tiny fringe of men in the oldest classes of the College, I have taught you all. I have had personal contacts with all the men here, except that little fringe. I always see Haverford men surrounded

with an aureole of kindly light. I knew of a man who used to tell very large fish stories and he got converted in a revival meeting and he felt that he couldn't tell these stories any more, so he bought a pair of scales and weighed every fish, and told exactly how much they weighed. But his wife meantime had a baby and they weighed the baby on the scales and the baby weighed forty-one pounds. (*Laughter*) Well, I am afraid that I have been somewhat guilty of measuring up all the men I have learned to love so much with somewhat that same attitude.

Haverford, as I see it, every year for forty years, has been having a better class than the year before. The progress has gone on and if it keeps up we shall have a college of supermen, we shall have to have seraphim and cherubim teach the men and an archangel to be President. (*Laughter*.) For fifty years the progress has been steady and all the time going upward. Other institutions wax and wane, they have their crest of the wave and their depression, but Haverford, for fifty years, has gone on a mounting tide. It has been due to the steady, sound and kindling leadership of the men who have been the pilots and who steered it. In imagination we can easily think of our College going on for ten thousand years, with new classes coming, one after the other, but we who are here tonight form only a tiny fringe of the possible Haverford. All the classes before 1861 are gone; no classes after 1937 have come.

You remember the Friend who was visiting one of the insane hospitals of Philadelphia. He found a patient busy painting a great picture, on an immense canvas. He bent over and asked the man what he was painting. He said, "Children of Israel, Crossing the Red Sea."

"Well," he said, "where is the Red Sea?" "Oh, that's rolled back." "Well," he asked, "where are the Children of Israel?" "Well, they've gone on." (*Laughter*.) "Where are the Egyptians?" "Oh, they haven't come up yet."

(*Laughter*.)

Well, here is our little fringe fast vanishing and the new men still in our imagination. We have a proverb which we use "that the future is on the knees of the gods." It is true that there will always be something unpredictable about any future, but in the main, the quality and the power of a college are settled by the scholarship, by the prestige, by the teaching gifts, by the personal character and by the stimulating leadership of those who have the responsibility for its ideals and its life.

Whittier said to an old friend one day, "What are you doing for your future?" "Nothing," said the man, "the Lord will provide." "No, He won't," said Whittier; and He won't. We can hardly think of any better leadership we could have had during the past fifty years. May the banner not fall, may that type of leadership not fail. Haverford is my mater. I love her as my mother. May God bless her and keep her in saecula saeculorum, world without end. Amen.

Much Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: We should like to have a word of welcome from a member of the Class of '91, who has proved still further, still more than those we have heard from or in addition to those we have heard from, that Haverford men do go into public life. Commissioner of Internal Revenue in Washington from 1921 to '29; he is a member of the famous Blair Family, who have done much for Haverford. We should

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like to have a word of greeting from David H. Blair, '91.

Applause

David H. Blair, '91: Fellow Haverfordians and Friends: Your Toastmaster has asked me to speak on the question of Haverfordians in public life and in a letter to me he said that this would be an interesting and stimulating subject. I don't know how interesting it may be to hear about it, but to those of us who have been through the experience, it is indeed stimulating.

Imagine Mr. Hoover's "Indian Twins" facing the Western Senator, who had them on the gridiron because they wanted to run the Bureau of Indian Affairs in an honest, straight-forward, efficient way and refusing to let their Bureau or themselves be a political football for the Senator. Then you will understand that it is indeed stimulating. And those two gentlemen reacted to the stimulant and discredited the man who had determined to use them or destroy them. They have demonstrated the real Haverford spirit. (*Applause.*)

You have heard the story of the good Quaker down in North Carolina who was badly treated by one of his neighbors and this unreasonable person slapped him in the face. The good Friend then turned the other side and said, "Now slap the other cheek," with which request the man immediately and vigorously complied. The good Friend then chucked off his coat and said, "I now have complied with the Scriptures and I'm going to beat hell out of you." (*Laughter.*) I am not sure that Charles Rhoads or Henry Scattergood used those exact words, but they thought them and they just as well said them because "as a man thinketh, so is he."

That is the type of Haverford men we have had in public life. We have a gentleman from the Class of 1908 who addressed you tonight, who is serving a term in Albany as a Senator from that State. (*Laughter.*) You have had an opportunity to size up the character of man he is and, to my mind, he is the ideal man in public service. If you consider teachers as men in the public service, then Haverford stands at the very top. In my opinion, the services of Pliny Chase, Isaac Sharpless, Dr. Gummere, of Rufus Jones, of William Comfort, have resulted in more good to mankind than the work of all the politicians in the country that I know—and I know most of them. (*Applause.*)

That's the kind of public servant that I want to see Haverford develop and I believe that we will see those in public life who are rendering more of that kind of service.

I should like to talk to you longer, but I am most anxious to hear Dr. Comfort, and I will say good-night.

Applause

Toastmaster Dr. Gummere: We wish that the next speaker will not abbreviate his remarks. We want to do him honor for a wonderful administration over these fifteen years. An ancient philosopher has said that anybody can be a pilot on a calm sea. The sea has not been calm on several occasions; in 1918 it was not calm and the pilot took the ship very successfully to its destination. These recent years have not been calm and the ship has been kept steady and on an even keel by a leader who understands its needs, who looks at everything with frank understanding, who faces facts, who isn't afraid to tell people exactly what he thinks, with consideration and

with friendliness and a view, solely, to the welfare of the institution which we all love.

I wish to present—there is no need of presentation—with affection, regard and esteem and congratulations and appreciation for what he has done for our College over these years, our friend, William Wistar Comfort, of the Class of '94—President of Haverford College.

Entire assembly stands and applauds.

President William Wistar Comfort: Ladies and Gentlemen, I realize what an imposition it is for me to take any of your time at all at the hour. The ladies in the gallery have been put to a hard test for their first experience of Haverford Dinners. I have no particular sympathy for those who are young because I know that they, from experience, are only just starting the evening; (*laughter*) but I am sorry for those of you who are over forty because I know that for at least an hour you have been wishing that you were on your way home, were it not for these wayward men. (*Laughter.*)

There is so much that I feel like saying, at the end of an evening of this sort, at the end of twenty-four hours of this sort, that I shall not have any opportunity to say. But it would be very unkind to some of our fellows in foreign places if we were to pass over the greeting which they have sent.

I have here before me a greeting from five Haverfordians in Palestine, I have a greeting from an old Japanese student in Japan, I have a greeting from Robert Simkin, out in Chengtu, in West China, probably the most distant Haverfordian tonight, from where we are seated. I have a greeting from five Haverfordians in Shanghai, and I have a very interest-

ing greeting from Dr. Fritz Rudiger, whom several of you certainly will recall at College a few years ago, in which he makes the astounding statement that he has arranged for a little chamber music concert in Berlin on tomorrow night on the short wave from the German short wave station — apparently DJC — with direct antennae to North America on a wave length—I don't suppose this will mean anything to you, to me I am sure it doesn't—"49.83 meters and DJA 31.38 meters with a round antenna" and so on. (*Laughter.*)

The point is, it is played by the Rudiger Quartette, in which he says, "I shall play 'cello. I intend to say first a few words at the occasion of the Centenary and to play then some of the Haverford Songs and a string quartet by Mozart or, perhaps, Brahms. If some of the Haverford technicians could still provide for the apparatus to make possible the hearing of the message for such friends who may be interested in it, I would be most obliged. Unfortunately I could not send you earlier announcement because I had to make the arrangement with the short wave station here. Please show this letter to Ted Hetzel and William Eserman." If either of them is here I wish he would come up and get this letter at the end of the Dinner. (*Applause.*)

The last time I saw Dr. Fritz Rudiger was in the Schwimbath at Heidelberg, and he was in certainly no condition then to give any broadcasting on a 'cello; (*laughter*) but it is very encouraging to find that he is still going strong in his thought of us and has done this very touching little bit toward making the Centenary a success from Berlin.

And now, what shall I say in closing? You must have been pleasantly impressed by the fact that I think no one,

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with the exception of my great and good friend, Henry Scattergood, our Treasurer, has made any reference today to funds, to money. And there isn't going to be any reference made to money. And it is right that there should not be. For, here is our Alma Mater — a hundred years old. She has been having a birthday; she is an old lady, compared with us, her children. When people have birthdays, they do not usually ask for presents. (*Laughter.*) (*Applause.*) It is for the children of this old lady to bring her presents, when and as they can do so.

This Centenary has, of course, been very happy to me; it has been a very happy occasion to all of us who are associated with the College today. For a long time we have wanted as many Haverfordians as this to really see the College as it is today. You can judge whether it has gone backward or forward, better than we can, who are right here—the focus is too close, but you men who come back, from the South and from the West and from the North, have been able to see it as it is, in the most perfect weather—everything has favored us and I hope that you will go home to your near or distant places of residence and feel that you know what kind of a place Haverford is in 1933. There is one thing we haven't done yet, and I hope that a great many of you will feel that this Centenary is not complete for you, personally, unless you do what we all did for four years—go to Meeting, and for that reason we are going to have a special Meeting for Haverford graduates tomorrow morning in the old Meeting House, as you know, at quarter to ten. I don't expect and I don't ask all of such a large company as this to be present, but I can hardly imagine a more stimu-

lating, a more refreshing opportunity for us to sit for a few minutes and try to see what this has all meant to us, than to go up there tomorrow morning and in those old benches, where we have listened to some pretty good advice in our time, to just take a little quiet time together and be sure to get what I am convinced is the big thing to get out of the last twenty-four hours, and that is the spiritual message of Haverford College to us individually.

Much Applause

Dr. Gummere: Ladies and Gentlemen, with much appreciation for your attention and courtesy, and thanks to the speakers for the very interesting program they have given us — and please don't forget that if the program may have gone over a natural ending time by a few minutes, it was due to the interesting content and fertile ideas and interest in our dear old College that it happened. We thank you all very much for your attention; the meeting is not closed, however, until I respectfully thank you and toss the ball back to the good old Captain Wood, who will close the evening.

Much Applause

President Wood: And now, Friends, the hour grows late and we must reluctantly prepare to separate. It has been a great time. I think a great many here don't realize how strange it seems to those of us who have been so close to this proposition to feel that the Centenary is almost over. For nearly three years the Board has been working and planning on this celebration and now it has come and is practically gone. But the fellows who have been on the firing line in the last months, who have done a great mass of the physical work,

ought to have our recognition. And I want to speak again, just before we separate, of George Kerbaugh, of Bill Wills, of Jack Hoopes, of Howard Comfort, of Ted Whittlesey, of Harrison Hires and of Nelson Edwards. Unrelentingly they have worked, they have given time and effort and labor, more than you can possibly imagine, and the success of the arrangements of these last two days is largely due to the way those fellows have handled the situation. I think they ought to be given by us all great, great credit and thanks. (*Applause.*)

One more name I must mention: that curtain of Founders Hall was given by Howard Elkinton of the Class of 1914; (*applause*) he donated it and has now presented it to the Cap and Bells. It

becomes now the property of the Cap and Bells, to be used at any time.

Now, one more thought: The Alumni Association has been drawn together in these last few days as, I imagine, it hasn't been drawn together before in the history of the College. Let's capitalize the unity and solidarity which has been developed; let's make this Alumni Association of ours a more faithful and a more constructive servant to the College than it has ever been before. Let's all get back of it, with the inspiration of these last few days strong behind us.

Now I will ask Sigmund Spaeth to get to the piano and let's all rise and sing, with a will—

"Comrades, come and loyally we'll sing
Praises to Haverford so dear;"

With the singing of "Comrades" the Centenary Dinner Meeting of the Haverford College Alumni Association was brought to a close, at eleven-forty o'clock.

